

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## A PORTRAIT.

THERE he goes, as you say, like a madman —  
His clothes all awry,  
And a fine lofty scorn for things human  
In forehead and eye.

Poor man, that scarce owns an acquaintance —  
If he had but a friend,  
Just to tell him straight out in one sentence  
How matters will end!

When body and mind have gone mouldy,  
'Twere something to say,  
"There, now, you would have it: I told ye:  
You would not obey!

"What fruit ever came from such dreaming  
But despondence and fear?"  
—Hark, now: better hush this blaspheming,  
Lest an Angel should hear.

'Poor man?' — aye, indeed, for his Mortal  
Is quenched in Divine.  
'Meanly clad?' — but may be at Death's por-  
tal  
His raiment will shine.

'Scornful-eyed?' — why that eye pierces  
through  
Both your slanders and you.  
'Sad?' — yes, for he knows of the sorrow  
God gives unto few.

There he goes, as you say; but no fool he —  
With One for his friend:  
And I fancy He knows somewhat truly  
How 'matters will end.'

J. R.  
— *Spectator*.

## MOUNTAIN SADNESS.

OFTTIMES the mighty mountains at their hearts  
Are sick and woful in their majesty;  
Then is each one forlorn as Niobe,  
And from all sight and colloquy departs.  
Then in cloud-mantles muffled is each head;  
Then bury they their faces in blind mist,  
Nor by the sun, their lover, are they kissed,

Nor by the stars at night are visited.  
Why weep they? what lament for? — they are  
strong,  
And in their strength exultant. Yet they  
weep,  
Perchance for some lost darling they have  
nursed  
On their great knees, or for some earthquake's  
wrong.  
Whate'er the cause, they deem themselves ac-  
cursed,  
And for a season bide in sorrow deep.  
*Snowdonia, May, 1866. — Spectator.*

## THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

PATH of the lightning! more sublime  
Than when its wrath the rocks have rent;  
Surpassing space, outspeeding time,  
Linking each severed continent!

Last wonder of a wondrous age!  
Where thou hast touched 'tis holy ground;  
For there, as once by Israel's sage,  
The presence of the Lord is found.

He saw it in the flame that played,  
Yet injured not the desert's tree;  
We trace it in the flame conveyed,  
Harmless and quenchless through the sea.

Speak not of man's achievement now;  
Speak but of Him who spread the main,  
And taught His child its might to bow  
Submissive to this thread-like chain.

He says to boastful pride, "Be still!"  
This mightiest work of human hands  
Does but his great design fulfil,  
To bind in love earth's scattered lands.

Nerve of the world's gigantic form,  
Quivering with thy mysterious life,  
Speed only feelings pure and warm,  
Nor thrill with pain, nor swell with strife.

— *Transcript*.

S. G. B.

From the *Edinburgh Review*.

*Charles Lamb: a Memoir.* BY BARRY CORNWALL. London: 1866.

THERE is an imaginative and pathetic anachronism in one of the tales of 'Mrs. Leicester's School,' written either by Charles Lamb or his sister, which may well be applied to his own destiny. A little girl is so charmed with the ceremonies and accompaniments of her father's second marriage, and especially by the beauty of the bride, that she sits down at the door of what was her mother's room, and cries with sorrow that her own dear mamma is not here to see how beautiful it all is. So may we lament that Charles Lamb is not here now among us to see with what curious and dutiful interest we honour the memory of a life which passed under the eyes of the last generation utterly unregarded, and how there has been written about his quiet and simple existence at least as much as he wrote at any time on any subject whatever. He would look on our proceedings with pleasure, because he liked the sympathies of mankind; but his prominent feeling would have been one of intense humorous satisfaction at the oddity of the circumstances, and the contrast between the different ways of the world in its dealings with intellect and genius.

Through the long, monotonous, servile years of his clerkship it probably never came into his head that those masters of his, who were reigning over the distant millions of the East, would soon be utterly extinct and forgotten personages, while his name would be so familiar to the popular literature of his country, that nobody would think of putting 'Mr.' to it; or that, when he parted from their august presence in an ecstasy of gratitude at receiving a pension of two hundred a year, he left no one man in that hive of intellectual industry and political power, not even the philosopher who is now applying with such signal success the stores of his reflection to the practical statesmanship of his time, whose employment would add more lustre to the service of the great Company than his own. But, even if such fancies in some hour of secret self-recognition ever crossed his brain, it must have seemed to him an unimaginable absurdity that posterity should care about those modest, almost austere habits, of his daily life — about the grave calamity that shadowed it — about her who was all-in-all to him, but nothing to any one besides. Yet so it is; and the story of Charles Lamb and his sister, though known already in its outlines in all literary biogra-

phy, will be heartily welcomed in a new form by the hand of Mr. Procter, the 'Barry Cornwall' of his time and its associations.

Charles Lamb might, indeed, have reflected that in one sense this is the common fortune of distinguished-humoristic writers. The hopes and fears, the emotions and the caprices, the fancies and the follies of other men are, so to say, the capital of their literary adventure, and they in turn must submit to their own analysis by posterity. The tragedy of the foiled ambition and turbid life of the Dean of St. Patrick's to its catastrophe in mental gloom, and the melodrama of the gay Canon of York, from his vagrant childhood to the dissecting-room at Cambridge, are inexhaustible sources of interest and speculation, and future times may be as curious about Sydney Smith or Theodore Hook or Douglas Jerrold as is the present about the essentially monotonous and uneventful story of Charles Lamb.

It is the lot of Mr. Procter to have outlived nearly all, if not all, that generation of intellects, of which Coleridge was the philosopher, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Keats, and himself the poets, Southey the historian, Hazlitt the critic, and Lamb the humorist. Around these now notorious names grouped many men who have not left any distinctive mark on the literature of their time, but whose sympathies sustained, and whose tastes encouraged, the combatants in their long and hard encounter with the social panic the French Revolution left behind it, and with the literary bigotry that associated all novelty of thought and expression with subversive ideas. Of the former we have lately had an example the more in the Diary and Letters of the well-taught and well-tempered Windham, where, in a letter to Mrs. Crewe, he finds his sole consolation for the present state of things in the hope that, 'when he meets the Duke of Bedford, the Plumbers, and the Cokes in exile and beggary in some town on the Continent, their wretchedness, from the greater indulgences which they have always required and enjoyed, will be something sharper than his own.' The orthodox style and character of Rogers's poems did not prevent Sir Joseph Banks from excluding him, though a Fellow of the Royal Society, from all its social meetings, on account of his supposed liberal opinions; and when to social and political heresies were added the enormities of free thought on ecclesiastical and theological subjects, original or resuscitated forms of diction, wild flights of fancy, and a passionate utterance that might be interpreted into license, the ban was ab-

solute, and all processes of the critical Inquisition legitimate. We, who have come to look on Coleridge as a conservative politician, and on his philosophy as an earnest reconciliation of many tormenting problems with Christian truth — who give to Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats their unchallenged places on the poetic roll — who can enjoy both the verse and prose of Leigh Hunt, notwithstanding his fantastical conceits and defects of taste, may be permitted to look back on the methods of controversy which were adopted against such men with sorrow and with shame. If, on the one hand, they show the elasticity of real mental power against oppression, they afford painful evidence how much of sheer malice and falsehood will infect and pervert even honest criticism the moment that other than æsthetic considerations guide the pen and affect the judgment. To assume that all the men were habitual drunkards because they met at taverns in days when there were no clubs to go to, and to believe all the women incontinent because Mary Woottoncraft had vindicated their 'Rights,' was not only permitted, but applauded in the best circles of contemporaneous literature; and we find the young Byron, himself the victim of a censorship which we should now consider truculent, if not unjust, writing in this strain: —

'Yet, let them not to vulgar Wordsworth stoop,  
The meanest object of the lowly group,  
Whose verse, of all but childish prattle void,  
Seems blessed harmony to *Lambe* and *Lloyd*.'

Here even Lamb's name was not spelt correctly, but the connection with Lloyd was legitimate, the two young poets having published a volume together in 1797, with some pieces by Coleridge, or, as Lamb expresses it under cover of the greater Ajax. Charles Lamb appears as 'of the India House,' both in the title-page and in the dedication to him in 1798 of Lloyd's now forgotten novel 'Edmund Oliver' (of which the character of the young Coleridge and his enlistment adventure form the main interest) — a designation that now would hardly be assumed by a literary aspirant, but which implies the distinction that the service then conferred on its least important agents.

It was at the age of seventeen that Charles Lamb obtained that post in the Accountant's Office of the East India Company which secured him the decent competence that sufficed for his subsistence, and made literary occupation the luxury, and not the necessity, of his life. The very humbleness and sim-

plicity of his duties accorded with the character of his genius, and was perhaps far more favourable to its development than a more ostentatious career. Next to this good fortune may be estimated his education at Christ's hospital (of which, in the delightful contradictions of his two Essays, he has given so complete a picture), not only for its special use, but for that friendship which played so important a part in his future life. The intellectual benefit he must have derived from the constant association with so rich and suggestive a mind as that of Coleridge must have been considerable; for, with his lowly origin, rare acquaintances, and uninteresting duties, he might have stagnated into an obscure and even sottish mode of life, redeemed indeed in the estimate of the higher justice by its continual self-sacrifice and noble affection, but lost to the outer world and the benefit of mankind. Besides this, too, the intimacy with Coleridge brought him into the appreciative society which made his own existence and that of his sister as happy as, under the shade of the great sorrow, it could be, and gave him, what is so rare in the circumstances of superior men, habitual intercourse with his equals in intelligence and in position, without taint of the patron or the clients, without the requirements of delicacy or the exigencies of gratitude. Who shall say how much of the gentlemanlike repose, the agreeable stand-at-ease of Lamb's Essays, the present contentedness that reigns throughout, making chimney-sweepers pleasant companions, and illness nearly as comfortable as health, was not due to this good connection with those about him? Who would imagine that the writer had been himself the victim of a domestic calamity of almost fabulous horror; that his reason (having once failed) was only kept steadfast by his own strong will; and that he had never known wealth, nor fame, nor power, nor conjugal happiness, nor the love of children, nor any of those relations with the outer world that naturally make a man satisfied with his own lot and solicitous for that of others?

The story of his great misfortune is now for the first time wholly told. All whom it would afflict are gone, and there is no further ground for reticence. About the end of 1795, three years after he obtained his appointment, his mother was ill and bed-ridden, his father almost fatuous, and he himself the inmate of the asylum at Hoxton, where, as he wrote to Coleridge, 'his head ran upon him, as much almost as on another person who was more the immediate cause of my frenzy.' Who this was is unknown; she re-



mains only the 'Alice W.' of his poems, the object of a passion which might have blossomed into happy fruit but for the incidents of the next year. He returned home sane, and the family life went on as usual till the September of 1796. On the 23rd of that month, his sister Mary, who had been for some time ill and moody, was seized just before dinner with a burst of madness. She seized a case-knife lying on the table, pursued a little girl (her apprentice) round the room, hurled about the dinner-forks so as to wound her father in the forehead, and, before Charles could snatch the knife from her hand, she had stabbed her mother to the heart. The sad publicity of a trial was somehow avoided. After the inquest Mary Lamb was removed to an asylum. She rapidly recovered her senses, and the question came what was then to be done. It seems to have been easier then than it now is to obtain the liberty of a dangerous lunatic, for no opposition to her release seems to have been made by the authorities. When becoming sane, Mary said, 'she knew she must go to Bethlehem for life: one of her brothers would have it so; the other would not wish it, but would be obliged to go with the stream.'

This one brother, John Lamb, held a clerkship, with a considerable salary, in the South Sea House (the subject of the first of the collected Essays), and seems to have been a hard, dry, selfish man, who cared little for his relations; but after his mother's terrible death he, too, was in danger from the family disease. 'I fear for his mind,' writes Charles to Coleridge; 'he has taken his ease in the world, and is not fit to struggle with difficulties.' But the 'other brother' did not go with the stream. He made up his mind at once what to do, and he did it, his whole life through. To enable him to devote his being entire to his desolate sister, he began by burning the little journal of 'my foolish passion, which I had so long time kept,' and even, under the exaggeration of the first sense of self-devotion, and to wean himself off from the occupations and hopes of a happier past, he got rid of the letters of his best and wisest friends, and of all his own compositions in verse. 'Mention nothing of poetry,' he writes; 'I have destroyed every vestige of poor vanities of that kind.' The whole income of the household at that time was, at the most, not more than 180*l.*, 'out of which,' he says, we can spare 50*l.* or 60*l.* for Mary while she stays in an asylum; if I and my father, and an old maid-servant, cannot live, and live comfortably, on 130*l.* or 120*l.* a year, we ought to burn by slow

fires. I almost would, so that Mary might not go into an hospital.' The brother and all the other members of the family opposed her discharge, but the solemn undertaking of Charles to act thereafter for life as her protector prevailed. Whenever some irritability or change of manner prognosticated the returning malady, the brother and sister would walk quietly, but often weeping, to Hoxton Asylum, he carrying the strait-jacket, which at that time was the indispensable adjunct of insanity. But even when there he did not leave her entirely. 'When she is not violent, her rambling chat is better to me than the sense and sanity of the world,' and he rarely went elsewhere for relief or diversion. 'I am afraid there is something of dishonesty in any pleasure I take without her.' With eloquent pathos indeed does Mr. Procter write —

'In this constant and uncomplaining endurance, and in his steady adherence to a great principle of conduct, his life was heroic. We read of men giving up all their days to a single object: to religion, to vengeance, to some overpowering selfish wish; of daring acts done to avert death or disgrace, or some oppressing misfortune. We read mythical tales of friendship; but we do not recollect any instance in which a great object has been so unremittingly carried out throughout a whole life, in defiance of a thousand difficulties, and of numberless temptations, straining the good resolution to its utmost, except in the case of our poor clerk of the India House.'

But it may be no extravagance of the theory of compensations to believe that something besides the satisfaction of accomplished duty was the result of this devoted life. Though, in one form of insanity, structural diseases deaden or distort the perception, and, extending to the organs of all the faculties, paralyses the intellectual force and reduces the individual to a simple machine, and, in another, the inefficiency or misdirection of the intellectual force is the sole cause of derangement and produces disease by the violence of its existence and the want of the habit of controlling the thoughts and checking the imagination, — there will always remain a border-land of sanity and madness, in which the saving power is the abstraction from self — the fixed occupation of the mind in other matters than its own phenomena. The saddest impression a visitor takes away from an asylum is the utter lovelessness of its inmates; and it seems almost as if the sense of one passionate sympathy might disperse the darkest of those clouds. Certain it is that though, just be-

fore that catastrophe, Charles Lamb was placed under control, the precaution was never necessary again, notwithstanding all the stress of mind caused by the dreadful event and its consequences. Under the aegis of that intense fraternal love his spirit walked secure.

In a short essay of his mature years, the 'Sanity of True Genius' is nobly vindicated:—

'The true poet dreams being awake: he is not possessed by his subject, but has dominion over it: he ascends the empyrean heaven and is not intoxicated: he treads the burning marl without dismay: he wins his flight without self-loss through realms of chaos and old night. . . . Herein the great and little wits are differentiated, that if the latter wander ever so little from nature or actual existence, they lose themselves and their readers. Their phantoms are baseless, their visions night-mares. They do not create, which implies shaping and consistency. Their imaginations are not active, for to be active is to call something into act and force, but passive as men in sick dreams.'

So could Charles Lamb write, looking back, perhaps, in his thoughts even as he wrote, to those distant months in the mental night of Hoxton Asylum, and know himself rescued by his own great wit and great heart, by his humour and his affections.

The only sign of deficient connexion between thought and speech that endured was the hesitation which is said to have added much to the effect of his sayings. For instance: 'Charles,' said Coleridge, 'I think you have heard me preach.'—'I-n-n-never heard you do anything else;'—or, when Leigh Hunt wondered at Coleridge's religious fervour: 'N-n-never mind what Coleridge says—he's full of f-f-fun;'—or, when some one complained of the cold manner of the late King of Hanover, 'It's only natural in the Duke of Cu-Cumberland.'

The personal reminiscences which give this volume its special charm do not begin before 1817.

'Persons who had been in the habit of traversing Covent Garden at that time (seven-and-forty years ago), might by extending their walk a few yards into Russell Street, have noted a small spare man, clothed in black, who went out every morning and returned every afternoon, as regularly as the hands of the clock moved towards certain hours. You could not mistake him. He was somewhat stiff in his manner, and almost clerical in dress; which indicated much wear. He had a long, melancholy face, with keen penetrating eyes; and he walk-

ed with a short, resolute, step, City-wards. He looked no one in the face for more than a moment, yet contrived to see everything as he went on. No one who ever studied the human features could pass him by without recollecting his countenance; It was full of sensibility, and it came upon you like a new thought, which you could not help dwelling upon afterwards; it gave rise to meditation and did you good. This small, half-clerical man, was—Charles Lamb.'

His writings up to that period had been printed in magazines; and though well appreciated by a certain circle of men-of-letters, it was not till their appearance in a collected form in 1818, that they could be said to be known. In fact, as Mr. Procter says, 'they came upon the world by surprise.' His verse, though remarkable for gravity of thought, for the firm simplicity of its diction, and for the avoidance of the magniloquent common-places that so often betray the unpractised writer, was not of a kind to attract attention; and his humour grew with maturer years, as that faculty is wont to do. Even the natures wherein it is strong, often shrink in their youth from its play of contradictions and sudden transitions of ideas, as a violation of that complete unity of thought and life to which the best aspire; and it is only when that noble hope is beaten down by the difficulties and confusion of circumstances, that the full compensating worth of humour is felt, and its exercise, either in one's own mind or in the minds of others, duly cultivated and esteemed. The 'Farewell to Tobacco' is an exception to the general character of his verse; it is a real inspiration of 'the only manly scent'—'Brother of Bacchus, later born,' whose merits a younger poet, under the mask of S. S. C., has lately sung with a humouristic grace\* that Lamb would have enjoyed:—

Thou who, when fears attack,  
Bidd'st them avault, and black  
Care, at the horseman's back  
Perching, unseatest;  
Sweet, when the morn is grey,  
Sweet, when they've cleared away  
Lunch, and at close of day  
Possibly sweetest.

I have a liking old  
For thee, though manifold  
Stories, I know, are told  
Not to thy credit.

\* As a second volume of 'Translations' from the pen and with the name of Mr. Calverley, has just appeared, there is no longer any secret in the authorship of his most pleasant and scholarly volume of 'Verses and Translations.'

How one (or two at most)  
Drops make a cat a ghost,  
Useless, except to roast,  
Doctors have said it.

How they who use fuzees  
All grow by slow degrees  
Brainless as chimpanzees,  
Meagre as lizards:  
Go mad, and beat their wives,  
Plunge, after shocking lives,  
Razors and carving-knives  
Into their gizzards!

Confound such knavish tricks:  
Yet know I five or six  
Smokers who freely mix  
Still with their neighbours:  
Jones (who, I'm glad to say,  
Asked leave of Mrs. J.)  
Daily absorbs a clay  
After his labours.

But the contributors to Mr. Leigh Hunt's publication, the 'Reflector,' and the Essays on the 'Old Dramatists,' and on the 'Genius of Hogarth,' were worthy precursors of Elia, which designation first appeared in the pages of the 'London Magazine,' 'now,' in Mr. Procter's words, 'under the protection of that great power called "Oblivion."'  
We have here an interesting account of the constitution and character of that periodical, which held a high place in the literature of its time. It began in 1820, and soon numbered among its writers Hazlitt, Lamb, Carlyle, De Quincey, Cary (the translator of Dante), Allan Cunningham, Thomas Hood, George Darley (a writer whose works and remains would be well worth collection and recollection), Elton, and Savage Landor — while Keats, Hartley Coleridge, Montgomery, and Clare appear among the occasional poets, and Mr. Procter, under his pseudonym of 'Barry Cornwall,' was often present, both in prose and verse. These slight sketches of the fraternity make us hope that he may be induced to dive again into the sunny seas of his memory, and give us what, after all, may be only the waifs and strays of literary history, but which should not pass away altogether. He evidently dwells with much pleasure on the personality of Hazlitt, and a companion-volume to this before us, placing the intellectual character and moral nature of that remarkable man in a clear and intelligible light, is a work which perhaps no living man could execute but himself. A name of strange and criminal associations here, too, occurs — Wainright the poisoner, who is believed to have been the first to apply to his uses the fatal, and still mysterious properties of strychnine, then

quite, untraceable by chemical sagacity. Having been transported to Australia for the offence of forging a power-of-attorney, he there ended his days as a popular and skillful portrait-painter, having himself supplied the ideal portraiture for Sir Edward Lytton's hero in the novel of 'Lucretia.' On the death of Mr. John Scott, the editor, the Magazine passed into the hands of Messrs. Taylor and HESSY, who opened a house in Waterloo place for its publication.

'It was there that the contributors met once a month, over an excellent dinner, given by the firm; and consulted and talked on literary matters together. These meetings were very social; all the guests coming with a determination to please and be pleased. I do not know that many important matters were arranged, for the welfare of the magazine, at these dinners; but the hearts of the contributors were opened, and with the expansion of the heart the intellect widened also. If there had been any shades of jealousy amongst them, they faded away before the light of the friendly carousal; if there was any envy, it died. All the fences and restraints of authorship were cast off, and the natural human being was disclosed.

'Amongst others Charles Lamb came to most of these dinners, always dressed in black (his old snuff-coloured suit having been dismissed for years); always kind and genial; conversational, not talkative, but quick in reply; eating little, and drinking moderately with the rest. Allan Cunningham, a stalwart man, was generally there; very Scotch in aspect, but ready to do a good turn to any one. His talk was not too abundant, although he was a voluminous writer in prose. His songs, not unworthy of being compared with even those of Burns, are (as everybody knows) excellent. His face shone at these festivities. Reynolds came always. His good temper and vivacity were like condiments at the feast. There also came once or twice the Rev. H. F. Cary, the quiet gentleness of whose face almost interfered with its real intelligence. Yet he spoke well and with readiness, on any subject that he chose to discuss. . . . Cary was entirely without vanity; and he, who had traversed the ghastly regions of the Inferno, interchanged little courtesies on equal terms with workers who had never travelled beyond the papers of 'The London Magazine.' No one (it is said) who has performed anything great ever looks big upon it. — Thomas Hood was there, almost silent, except when he shot out some irresistible pun, and disturbed the gravity of the company. . . . Hazlitt attended once or twice; but he was a rather silent guest, rising into emphatic talk only when some political discussion (very rare) stimulated him. — Mr. De Quincey appeared at only one of these dinners. The expression of his face was intelligent, but cramped

and somewhat peevish. He was self-involved, and did not add to the cheerfulness of the meeting. I have consulted this gentleman's three essays, of which Charles Lamb is professedly the subject; but I cannot derive from them anything illustrative of my friend Lamb's character.

Mr. Procter candidly admits the Cockneyism of his friend. He may not have indeed disliked a glimpse of the Lakes, and probably meant what he said, that the day he saw Skiddaw would stand out like a mountain in his life, and that he could live under his shadow for two or three years; but he added sincerely, 'I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away.' He said 'the London smoke suited his vision'; and his Essays are full of contentment with the pleasant place in which his life is cast. When in his comparative wealth he removed to a 'gamboge-coloured house' at Enfield, the country, suburban as it was, weighed heavily on him. 'Let not the lying poets be believed who entice men from the cheerful streets.' He could do with the country by the fire and candle-light, but when day returns it becomes intolerable — 'he falls into a calenture and plunges into St. Giles's.' Perhaps it was not so much the abstract Town that he loved, but his own City, with its story-telling houses and its familiar localities. He would probably have liked Belgravia no better than the green pastures and the 'woolly bedfellows' he had no fancy to 'lie down with: ' the streets in which he would set up his tabernacle were all about the Temple where he was born, the Hospital where he was educated, the Salutation-and-Cat-Tavern, in whose little parlour he smoked his Oronooko and heard Coleridge build up his Pantisocracy in lofty talk. 'I gather myself up,' he writes, 'into the old things.' One does not indeed see why he ever left the haunts where he had passed the really happy days of his life — his pure London, and his Wednesday evenings, and his sister's company, when she was well, and his own care of her when she was otherwise, and the frequent play-goings at the time that England had a theatre, and the immense gratification of old books, when the purchase of any one was a serious luxury, to be won by labour and by thrift.

It is this spirit which makes his exposition of past literature so delightful and instructive; there is no antiquarian dilettantism about it. When he kissed an old book, as he often did, it was unwittingly, almost secretly. We have seen an annotated copy

of Wither, where some one remarks, 'The beauty of this passage is too apparent to need a comment,' and Lamb writes under, 'Then why give it one?' If the book or passage was not good in itself, Lamb never thought of making it so by his praise. Mr. Procter finds an exception to this rule in Lamb's extreme affection for the Duchess of Newcastle's Life of her Husband. But we cannot admit this; for the serious quaintness of that philosophic and courtly dame has something almost of Lamb's own humour about it, sublimated by the conceit of a supernatural self-importance; and we should have predicted at once that it must be a book after Lamb's own heart, and should have been very happy to have introduced it to him. Nothing can be truer, however, than Mr. Procter's observation that Charles Lamb naturalized and cherished what was in a manner foreign to his age, and brought the wisdom of old times and old writers to bear upon the taste and intellect of the day. The 'dangerous figure irony,' as he calls it, was never wielded by more delicate and graceful hands: he may have interrupted grave and plausible discourses with some light jest, not quite irrelevant; but he would use it tenderly against his friends, as when he told Mr. Cary 'he was a good parson — not, indeed, as good as Parson Adams, but perhaps about as good as Doctor Primrose, and, if ever roughly, only against himself, as when one day he expressed his deep satisfaction at the death of an old woman, 'she has left me thirty pounds a year!' he did not say that it was he himself who had paid her this annuity for many years out of his hard-earned and modest income.

'His jests,' says Mr. Procter, 'were never the mere overflowings of the animal spirits, but were exercises of his mind.'

And again: —

'In reading over these old Essays, some of them affect me with a grave pleasure amounting to pain. I seem to import into them the very feeling with which he wrote them; his looks and movements are transfigured and communicated to me by the poor art of the printer. His voice, so sincere and earnest, rings in my ears again. He was no Feignwell. Apart from his jokes, never was a man so real and free from pretence.'

In these two sentences Mr. Procter gives us the intellectual and moral measure of the perfect humorist. In an age and society so meanly furnished with this talent as ours is,

we must take what we can get without re-pining that is not the best of its kind; we must be thankful when we meet genial spirits with but scanty culture, and we must not dive too deep into the well of pleasantries to look for a goddess at the bottom; but we may show our estimate of something better than our own, by esteeming aright the hero of these reminiscences and the biographer who can so characterise him.

The Prince de Ligne says somewhere that for every good thing a man of real wit utters for the amusement of others, he thinks a dozen for his own pleasure; and it is agreeable to believe that the absence of cynicism which so remarkably distinguishes the writings of Lamb, expresses his habitual condition of mind as well as the gratification and relief he derived from their production. Most justly Mr. Procter describes them as

'Delightfully personal, and when he speaks of himself you cannot hear too much: they are not imitations but adoptions. We find his likings and fears, his fancies (his nature) in all. The words have an import never known before; the syllables have expanded their meaning, like opened flowers; the goodness of others is heightened by his own tenderness; and what is in nature hard and bad is qualified (qualified, not concealed) by the tender light of pity, which always intermingles with his own vision. Gravity and laughter, fact and fiction, are heaped together, leavened in each case by charity and toleration. Lamb's humour, I imagine, often reflected (sometimes, I hope, relieved) the load of pain that always weighed on his own heart.'

So is it with his Letters, of which so many are now public property, and phrases in them already vernacular. It is in these that he pours forth (what he afterwards composed into a charming essay) his feelings at receiving his pension from the East India Company — this was in exact figures, 441*l.* a year during the remainder of his life, and an annuity after his death to his sister. To Wordsworth he writes: 'I came home for ever on Tuesday last. The incomprehensibility of my condition overwhelmed me; it was like passing from time to eternity.' To Bernard Barton: 'I have scarce steadiness of hand to compose a letter. I am free, B. B., free as air. I will live another fifty years. . . . Positively the best thing a man can have to do is nothing, and next to that perhaps good works.' To Miss Hutchinson: 'I would not go back to my prison for seven years longer for 10,000*l.* a year. . . . My weather-glass stands at a degree or two above CONTENT.' Alas! in 1829, only

four years after this paroxysm of delight, he writes: 'I assure you *no* work is more than overwork; the mind preys on itself — the most unwholesome food. I have ceased to care for almost anything. . . . Home I have none. Never did the waters of heaven pour down on a forlorn head. What I can do and overdo is to walk. I am a sanguinary murderer of time. But the oracle is silent.' And there he might be seen wandering over all the fields in the neighbourhood of Enfield, accompanied by, or rather following, a large dog, to whose erratic propensities he became a slave. The untold usefulness of the habit of mechanical labour to such a temperament as his became too apparent. His secure literary success does not seem to have given him any pleasure, indeed he seems hardly to have believed in it. He asked the American writer, Mr. Willis (who said he had bought 'Elia' in America) — what he gave for it? 'About seven and sixpence.' 'Permit me then to pay you that,' gravely counting out the money. 'I never yet wrote anything that would sell. I am the publisher's ruin. My last poem will sell — not a copy. Have you seen it?' Willis had not. 'It's only eighteen pence — and I'll give you sixpence towards it.' Nor did the confidence in his own powers sustain him. He wrote to Southey a little before this: 'I find genius declines with me, but I get clever.' He was worried out of proportion, by being asked to write in albums and in the pretty glossy illustrated Annuals that were then so popular. 'If I take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth — there will albums be.' Four years after, in 1833, the Lambs moved somewhat nearer to their London friends — to Church Street, Edmonton — his last abode.

The next year Coleridge's health began to decline, and he died in July, bright and powerful to the last; saying a few days before his dissolution, 'the scenes of my early life have stolen into my mind, like breezes blown from the Spice Islands.' Lamb to the end of his life was often heard murmuring to himself, 'Coleridge is dead — is dead;' and he said with solemnity, 'I cannot think without an ineffectual reference to him.' That Coleridge should thus have possessed himself of the mind of his friend of fifty years will not be surprising to any thoughtful man who formed part of the generation in this country to which Coleridge was the paramount master and interpreter of philosophic truth. No such wide and varied influence over the modes of thought of cultivated men, both in sympa-



thies and in antagonisms, has been given to any writer since his time, although the radiation from the spirit of Thomas Carlyle may bear some comparison with it. When Mr. Mill quoted the 'Lay Sermon' as an authority of political opinion in a late debate, it must have sounded to more than one of his elder hearers as an echo of his youthful days, when a passage from the 'Aids to Reflection' was a valuable support on either side of a religious controversy, and when the tyro in metaphysics came down fiercely on his antagonist with the distinctions of the Reason and the Understanding.

Very far short of the many happy years of learned leisure and pleasant converse that Lamb anticipated on his release from his clerical toil were granted him. In 1833 cough and cramp became his bedfellows; 'we sleep three in a bed,' he wrote. The 'otiosa eternitas' of his later life, as Mr. Procter expresses it, lapsed into the great deep beyond on the 27th of December, 1839.

Mary survived thirteen years, protected by her calamity from fully understanding the magnitude of her loss, and cared-for by all his many friends. Finely does Mr. Procter draw the moral of the tale he has written; would we could anticipate other such Lives of the Poets and Men-of-letters of our century!

'Charles Lamb was born almost in penury, and he was taught by charity. Even when a boy he was forced to labour for his bread. In the first opening of manhood a terrible calamity fell upon him; in magnitude fit to form the mystery or centre of an antique drama. He had to dwell, all his days, with a person incurably mad. From poverty he passed at once to unpleasant toil and perpetual fear. These were the sole changes in his fortune. Yet, he gained friends, respect, a position, and great sympathy from all; showing what one poor unbeneficed man, under grievous misfortune, may do, if he be active and true and constant to the end.'

#### VENUS AND VALOUR.

MR. PUNCH—SIR,

I've been aboard, since I last writ you, of that queer Yankee craft—mind your orthography—the *Monitor Miantonomoh*. It won't do. How can a A. B., what is worth his seasalt, feel any nat'ral love and affection for a vessel without a figure-head? Of course a landsman can't understand this sort of sentimentalism, but a A. B. has a 'Art, and printed on that 'Art, if you could see it, you would find two lovely images: first, his ship; and second, his SUSAN. For both of them, what is his high dols, he'd fight at any hour and against any odds, and why? because they're sweetly beautiful, whether adorned with crinoline or close reefed, in gipsy bonnet or scudding under bare poles. But a A. B. can't worship a Box-iron no more than he can a Hottentot, afloat or ashore. Beauty he must have in ship-shape, and them schoolmisses or monitors, are ugliness personified. "Venus and Valour" is my motto, and if you was to ask all the fleet, I'll be bound ten thousand voices would unite with mine in singing that natural anthem, "And so say all of us."

&c., bediently yours,

BEN BUNTING,

H. M. S. *Arethusa*.

—Punch.

THE Memoirs of Prince Talleyrand—the materials for which, by the extraordinary will of the late owner, were not to be touched for thirty years—will be published during the coming autumn. The Duchesse de Dino, Talleyrand's niece, however, was enabled to veto this strange clause in the document, and the work is to appear simultaneously in London, Paris, and, it was originally intended, Vienna.

The seventh volume of M. Guizot's "Memoirs" will not be published until next year. It carries the narrative of the historian's political career up to the 20th February, 1849, the eve of the Revolution. It is said that the eighth volume, bringing the work down to M. Guizot's death, is not to be issued until after the author's decease. It is kept written up to the present moment, so that it is always in a perfect state for the printer. M. Guizot's correspondence will also be published after his decease. His letters are believed to be of the greatest interest, amongst them being no less than 1,200 letters from Louis Philippe upon every event of importance which took place between 1840 and 1848.



From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Bulletin de la Société de l'Histoire du Protestantisme Français. Documents Historiques inédits et originaux, XVI. XVII. et XVIII. Siècles. Tomes I.—XIII.* Paris: 1852-1864.
2. *Correspondance des Réformateurs dans les Pays de la Langue Française, recueillie et publiée avec d'autres Lettres relatives à la Réforme et des Notes historiques et biographiques.* Par A. L. HERMINJARD. Tome premier. (1512-1516.) Genève et Paris: 1866.

THE true history of Protestantism in France has remained comparatively unknown until a recent period, for it had been written, for the most part, by men of the opposite party and the victorious creed. But time has, in this, as in many other instances, slowly brought to light the materials on which the judgment of posterity must rest, by publishing the correspondence of the Protestants themselves, and other contemporary documents which attest beyond all doubt the piety and patriotism of the Huguenot leaders and the unparalleled sufferings inflicted on their followers by national intolerance, by ecclesiastical bigotry, and by arbitrary power. The volumes before us consist of these authentic materials, deeply interesting to France, and in some respects yet more deeply interesting to ourselves. They are the result of the labours of a literary society (established in 1852) for the purpose of elucidating the history of Protestantism in France by collecting its scattered materials with care and bringing them into a single publication. For this purpose recourse has been had, not only to the Archives of France and those of the different foreign governments which gave refuge to the Huguenot exiles after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, but also to private family papers, to the registers of parishes and the books of notaries, to the records of old parliamentary proceedings—nay, even to inscriptions on tombstones, and extracts from ancient charters and terriers. Taken altogether, we have seldom perused a more interesting mass of original documents. They fully justify the device prefixed by the accomplished editors to each volume, and reflect a clear and steady light over an extensive tract of French history before comparatively dark and neglected. A number of essays, letters, and reviews, for the most part from the well-known pens of the best Protestant writers in France, are interspersed throughout the series, and form a valuable

commentary on its contents. These papers have one characteristic in common very honourable to their authors and their faith. Much as French Protestantism has suffered at the hands of rulers, statesmen, and factions in France, they breathe a spirit of genuine loyalty and strong devotion to the natal soil. They indulge in no vindictive retrospects, avoid reviving the animosities of the past, and are completely free from illiberality and fanaticism.

We are surprised that this important Society has hitherto attracted so little notice in this country, and that so few English names are to be found in the distinguished list of its supporters. For a very small annual contribution the series of these Bulletins, forming one volume in each year, can be obtained at the Protestant booksellers' in Paris, and we hope that the present notice will induce many of our countrymen to support this laudable enterprise.

The work which we have placed second at the head of this article is the first volume of a collection of the correspondence of the French Reformers, which has recently been published at Geneva, under the patronage of a small number of accomplished persons of that city. It consists chiefly of unpublished letters of those who took an active part in the introduction of the Reformed faith into France. These papers, which have been most carefully edited by M. Herminjard, are not at all inferior in interest to the Zurich Letters published by the Parker Society, and they are also a most valuable contribution to the history of Protestant opinions.

Our notice of the contents of these volumes must be limited to a few of the numerous topics which they embrace. They throw a good deal of fresh light on the character of the old Church of France at the period just before the Reformation. In France, as in Germany and in England, that Church had fallen in the esteem of the nation, and was deeply penetrated with elements of corruption. Francis I., on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, spoke openly of appropriating its revenues; and Bayard' exclamation against Julius, 'ce chétif Pape que je voudrais tuer,' expressed the thoughts of many of the nobility. The arrogance, the exactions, and the selfishness of the priesthood, and their claims to being above the law, caused jealousy among the higher orders, and the awakened conscience and thought of a generation, enlightened by the revival of letters, rebelled against a series of observances dictated often by avarice and superstition. What especially pro-

voked the inferior classes was the rapacity and sensuality of the clergy, who, with the lessons of the Gospel in their mouths, despoiled the poor of their scanty substance, and, with pretensions to infallibility and sanctity, belied in their lives the name of Churchmen and of Christians. This collection contains a number of sketches by Bernard Palissy, the French Bunyan, of these careless and unfaithful shepherds, but we can only refer our readers to them. We quote, however, the following lines from a curious satirical poem of the time, which we do not remember to have met previously. The Church is supposed to be making complaints of the simony, the profligacy, and the idleness of those who were the stewards of her mysteries:—

'Mes ministres qui vivent de la croix,  
Sous faux semblans me font à grans surcroix,  
Du deshonneur, du mal, et de l'outrage;  
Ils sont rempliz de venimeux courage.  
Aucuns semblent en leurs habits pollutz  
A gendarmes, et non à crercs salutz,  
Ou à jongleurs, en oyant leurs caquetz.  
Bagues portez, bouquets, et affiquez,  
Vos heurs sont dictes par grant contraincte.  
D'autres y a qui tiennent femme en caincte  
Avecques eux comme gens mariez,  
Le nom de Dieu jurez à toute aincte.  
Bref, vostre vie est de vices tant taincte,  
Que mon estat par trop dévariez.'

In France, however, as in England, the real Protestant movement commenced with the poorer and humbler ranks of the nation. It is said to have originated at Meaux, but it was most distinctly felt in the south, where probably the traditions of the Albigenes had never been entirely forgotten, and where a colony of the Vaudois had long renounced the Catholic doctrines. It appeared also in the provinces of the north, connected by trade with Holland and England, and it made progress on the western seaboard, especially in the city of La Rochelle, the wealthiest centre of French commerce. The sectaries, like their brethren in England, did not profess a definite creed; the austere tenets they afterwards embraced were adopted by another generation; and their religion seems to have been a protest against the evil they saw around, and an endeavour to shape their lives by the Gospel. This was the real secret of their strength. Reviled as these early Reformers were by an incensed priesthood and an ignorant populace, their conduct silenced all accusation; and wherever they were able to leave their mark, it was one of real moral improvement. Bernard Palissy thus de-

scribed the change effected in a reformed village:—

'In this wise our Church was first the work of the hands of despised men; and when the enemy made havoc of it, it had been so blest within a few years, that gambling, dancing, ballad-singing, feasting, and superfluity of bravery and jewels, were no longer to be found among its members. Evil speaking, too, and murder had disappeared, and lawsuits were much fewer than heretofore. At Easter-time bickerings and quarrels were made up; and we thought only of prayers, psalms, and spiritual songs, not of loose speech and lewd catches. In those times, you would have seen on each Lord's day the guildsmen walking in the meadows and dells, singing psalms and canticles in their companies, and reading and giving knowledge to each other. You might have seen girls and young women in gardens and suchlike places, rejoicing and making holy melody to God; and even children had been so well brought up, that they had put off a silly look and bore themselves with a staid countenance.'

The Reformation rapidly spread upwards from the inferior to the higher orders. It had its supporters in the palace, especially in the first Margaret of Navarre; it found its way to the bench of Bishops; it entered the Parliaments and privileged corporations; and it met with considerable favour from the nobility. The correspondence of Margaret d'Angoulême (as she is styled in M. Herminjard's collection) with Briçonnet, the Bishop of Lodève and Le Fèvre d'Étaples, and the protest of the University of Paris against the Concordat of Francis I. in the same volume, are most striking proofs of the disposition of the Court, the Church, and the learned bodies to accept with favour the doctrines of the Reformation, and to make the Bible the sole test of religious truth. As yet, however, these opinions were not connected with any party in the State; they were still essentially religious, unalloyed by corrupt and selfish elements. At the time when our first reforming Parliament was, at the bidding of Henry VIII., suppressing monasteries and denouncing the Pope, the real spirit of Protestantism was purer and more powerful in France than in England, and had a firmer hold on the people. Francis I. hesitated for some years whether he should not encourage the Reformation, at least to a point which would have set free the national Church from the See of Rome; and had he done so, the whole tenor of French history might have been different. But the fatal marriage of Catherine de Medicis, the terror caused by the Ana-

baptists of Munster, and the violence of some of the French Reformers—more vehement than their fellows in England—threw the King back upon the Catholic party; and the influence of the preponderating party in the State, the Court, the Parliaments, and the priesthood, determined finally his resolution. We shall not dwell on the persecutions of his reign, the massacre of the Vaudois of Provence, and the horrible deaths of numerous martyrs, accompanied with every refinement of torture. One of those execrable spectacles is thus described by a contemporary German:—

‘I have just seen the burning of two Lutherans. The first was a youth, the son of a cordwainer, a beardless stripling hardly twenty years old. He was brought before his judges, and sentenced to have his tongue cut out and his body burned. Without flinching, he held out his tongue to the executioner, who cut it off and beat his cheeks with it. The mob standing by picked up the tongue and flung it all bleeding and quivering at the victim. When brought to the stake, and being chained to it, he endured with indescribable serenity the insults and shouts of the infuriate crowd. The second martyr was an old man, and though his punishment was milder, I felt even more horror. He had spoken against the monks about the invocation of saints, but had been induced to retract his errors. He was brought to a gibbet, and having repeated his recantation, was half strangled, and cast into the fire. The bystanders thought the sentence too easy, they wished to see him alive in the flames.’

But even in that age many voices were raised in Catholic France against such atrocities. These volumes contain some remarkable letters from different members of the noblesse, who, though evidently of the dominant faith, disapproved of measures of persecution, and honourably declined to profit by them. In spite of torture by fire and steel, the numbers of the Reformers increased, and at the close of the reign of Henry II. they were probably nearly a tenth of the nation, including not a few of the nobility, and a considerable part of the middle classes.\*

We find in this collection numerous details of the means devised by the priesthood

\*The proportion has by some writers been stated as high as *one-sixth*; but in 1597, when the Edict of Nantes was granted by Henry IV., the Protestants are computed by Sismondi to have amounted to one-eleventh of the whole population of France, then about seventeen millions. In spite of ages of persecution, the addition of Alsace to the French territory has restored the balance, and it is believed that the actual number of Protestants in the empire is still about the same as it was three hundred years ago.

to arrest the movement, independently of mere secular tyranny. One of the most common was the assumption of powers of a supernatural kind to awe and influence the ignorant populace; and of this there is a curious example in the legend of the Maiden of Vervins, not unlike that of our Nun of Kent. This woman was a miserable epileptic, who was carried about by the clergy of Laon, as a specimen of a Catholic miracle, the pretence being that she was possessed by a devil, who left her at the elevation of the Host and the exorcism of an orthodox bishop:—

‘The process of conjuring was exceedingly tedious, and consisted of strange and absurd colloquies between the exorcist and the demon. The patient then fell into convulsions, she writhed as if on a burning seat, she sprang up spite of all resistance, she uttered vociferations that echoed over the church and that resembled grunting, barking, and howling. But this devilish uproar was soon made to cease; and as soon as the wafer was placed on her lips she became calm, and completely in repose. A miracle was then the cry everywhere; the bells were rung, and processions went through the street to offer up thanks to Heaven, to the great scandal and shame of the Huguenots.’

This series is comparatively silent as to the progress of the Reformation in France during the last three reigns of the House of Valois. Within this period, as is well known, the Reformers, named thenceforward Huguenots, became a distinct political party, the religious movement being connected to a great extent with secular objects. It would be idle to say that, at this crisis, they did not fall into many excesses, that their acts, as a whole, were free from censure, and that their policy was unalloyed by some elements of passion and corruption. But the historians have made a great mistake who have represented them as an anti-national faction opposed to the real interests of their country; though no doubt the main cause of the unpopularity of Protestant opinions in France, down to the present day, is the belief that they are at variance with the great principle of national unity and uniformity to which so many of the noblest elements of French society have been sacrificed. Politically, the Protestant was the right cause; and in taking up arms in defence of the privileges secured them by a solemn compact, its defenders were not only vindicating justice, but struggling against a foreign influence which would have made France a Spanish dependency. In that dark crisis when the House of Lor-

raine was betraying the kingdom to Philip and the Pope, when Catherine de Medicis, base as she was, was trying to escape from their thralldom, and the land was a continual scene of civil war or ominous peace, one figure shines with extraordinary lustre, the purest, we might almost say the greatest, of Frenchmen. True alike to his faith and the country he loved, and endowed with rare sagacity and penetration, Coligni endeavoured to rescue France from that fatal connexion with Spain and Rome which was to produce such bitter fruit, and, not less grandly and ably than Richlieu, to shape out her natural destiny, as a leading Power on the land and the ocean. It is characteristic of the execrable faction who rejoiced in shedding his innocent blood, that they invariably designated as a traitor the illustrious and far-seeing patriot who indicated to France her true alliances, and the real sources of her durable greatness. His will shows, in a touching passage, how he resented this calumnious charge, and even from the grave protested against it :—

‘The reason why I set this declaration in these presents is, that knowing not the hour when God may call me away, I wish to leave it as a record to my posterity, that they may not bear a note of infamy, as having been disloyal or rebellious. If verily I took up arms, it was not against my Sovereign Lord, but those who by their tyranny compelled those of our religion to defend their lives, which I did with an assured conscience, the rather that I knew it was against the will of the King. I have many letters and documents to prove this.’

It is difficult, indeed, to realise to our minds the intense loyalty of the Reformers to their kings, and their resentment at being stigmatised as rebels. They were in truth obedient even unto death; and we thus may judge of the nature of the wrongs which forced them to abandon a belief associated with their firmest convictions. The following passage is from a Huguenot poem of the date of the middle of the sixteenth century :—

‘N’aye donc, ô peuple, crainte  
Du supplice qui t’attend,  
Car cette dure contrainte  
Jusque à l’âme ne s’étend :  
Laisse martyrer ta chair,  
Laisse tes membres trancher,  
Laisse toy reduire en cendre,  
Laisse ton cors au bois pendre.  
Car ce grand Dieu vénérable  
Veut qu’on obéisse au roy,  
Ou qu’on s’estime coupable  
Du supplice de sa loy :—

Puisque ton âme ne peust  
Exécuter ce qu’il veult,  
Ne refuse aucune chose  
De la peine qu’il impose.’

Even when resistance had been determined, it was justified only on the ground of the tyranny of the alien Guises, and not on that of the crimes of the Sovereign.

These volumes contain a complete account of the celebrated interview between the Guises and the Duke of Wurtemberg, in 1562, just before the infamous massacre of Vassy. Its object was to deprive the Huguenots of the aid of the Lutheran Princes of Germany, and to abandon them to the House of Lorraine; and for this purpose the Cardinal undertook to satisfy the Duke that the Lutheran doctrines were not essentially different from the Catholic, but that Calvinism was a damnable heresy. This interview, which has been hardly noticed by historians, with the exception of Michelet, was a curious drama in which the Cardinal exhibited his usual adroitness and skill, and Francis of Guise his wonted duplicity. In reply to the interlocutor of the Duke—the famous Brentius, the friend of Luther—the Cardinal declares that he is ready to give up ‘the invocation of saints and the Virgin Mary,’ ‘that he had gone too far in the sacrifice of the Mass,’ and that ‘as for the hierarchy, he would wear a black robe as readily as a red one;’ and he sums up his faith in these singular words :—

‘I have read the Confession of Augsburg, I have read also Luther, Melancthon, Brentius, and others; I entirely approve their doctrines, and I would soon come to an agreement with them about discipline. I will write to you and recognise you as my father in Christ. Ah! had Beza and the other French ministers been like you! We then could come to terms, and reconcile the Church. But their case is hopeless, nothing can be done with them.’

Francis of Guise professed himself equally reasonable, said that theology was beyond him, but that if there was not unity in the Church, he was ready to become a Lutheran himself; and, in answer to an earnest remonstrance against the cruelties practised on the Huguenots, delivered himself ‘with heavy sighs :’—

“I know well they accuse us of that and other things; but they do my brother and myself wrong. We will satisfy you on the point before you go.” And he added, “They have often tried to slay the Cardinal and myself by shot, steel, and even poison, but we never endeavoured to punish even the guilty.” To

which the Cardinal added, "I swear to you in the name of God my Creator, and at the peril of my soul, that I am innocent of the blood of any Calvinist."

The researches of this Society have brought to light a vast quantity of details of interest respecting the massacre of St. Bartholomew, many of which have not been hitherto published. The following letter, written by a Jesuit, while the streets of Paris were running blood, attests the horrible joy of his party:—

'The Admiral has perished miserably on the 24th of August with the whole of the heretic nobility of France. This really may be said without exaggeration. The carnage was enormous; I shuddered at the sight of the river choked with mutilated corpses. We all agree in praising the wisdom and magnanimity of the King, who, having by indulgence and favour fattened, as it were, the heretics like cattle, has caused them to be slaughtered by his soldiers. All the heretic scholars who could be discovered have been massacred and thrown into the stream naked. Ramus, who jumped out of his bedroom from a considerable height, lies exposed on the bank pierced thick with stabs. In a word, there is not one of them, even of their women, who is not slain or wounded. Contad gave the Admiral the third stab; at the seventh he fell dead against the chimney of his room. Such was the end of this bad man, who, in life, brought numbers to the verge of destruction, and, in death, dragged many heretic nobles into hell.'

Giovanni Michieli, the Venetian Ambassador, whose knowledge of the secret history of the massacre appears to have been remarkably accurate, shows a touch of humanity in this description:—

'Then was seen what religious animosities could effect. It was horrible to witness in every street atrocities committed on fellow-citizens who had not only given no offence, but were often neighbours or relations of the perpetrators. There was no thought of pity for any one, even though he fell on his knees for mercy, in the most abject attitude of humiliation. It was enough that a man was disliked by another from jealousy or perhaps from a lawsuit—and this happened to several Catholics—on the cry being made that there was "a Huguenot," the victim was at once assassinated. If any one, in the hope of escape, leaped into the river and tried to swim—many unfortunate wretches made the attempt—boats put off at once, and he was drowned. The booty taken was very great, about two millions of livres d'or, many of the wealthiest Huguenots, in fact, having come to Court since the last edict.'

The massacre, as is well known, was repeated in several parts of France, by the orders of the infatuated King and his execrable band of murderous counsellors. We transcribe one of these mandates; it is difficult to imagine how it could have been written:—

'I have already informed you how on Sunday morning the King has done execution on the Huguenots, and the Admiral and the Huguenots in Paris have been slain. The pleasure of His Majesty is that the same shall be done wherever a Huguenot shall be found. Wherefore, if you wish to do the King and Monsieur good service, you will go to Saumur, accompanied by your friends, and kill all the leading Huguenots you can. I have written to M. des Moulins to have you informed. Having done this execution in Saumur, you will go to Angiers, and, with the commandant of the citadel, repeat a similar example. You will receive no other orders than this from the King and Monseigneur.'

This letter of Beza attests the terror and astonishment of the Huguenot party:—

'We are in grief and mourning; God have mercy upon us! Such treachery and atrocity were never known. How often I predicted it and gave warning against it! God, as a God justly incensed, has permitted it, yet He is our Saviour. Excuse me for writing nothing in detail. We have instituted a fast and extraordinary prayers. The town is filled with fever and pestilence, and is overflowing with unfortunate exiles. They escaped only through the avarice of their enemies, who otherwise spared neither rank nor sex. The King at first charged the Guises with the crime; now he says everything was done by his orders; and these men whom he caused to be murdered in their beds—these men "of whom the world was not worthy"—he dares accuse these men of conspiracy!'

There are several documents in this collection relating to the well-known tradition that Charles IX. on that fearful night repeatedly fired on his Huguenot subjects. We do not care to examine the tale, but Voltaire expressly informs us that Marshal de Tessé said, that, when young, he had known an old man who had assured him that he had himself loaded the King's harquebuss. Brantôme, too, treats the fact as certain; and this letter from a Huguenot in 1574, two years only after the event, confirms strongly the popular story:—

'A man who had gone in a skiff from Paris to the Faubourg St. Germain, and had witnessed what had been done to the Huguenots in the



night, informed Montgomery all he knew on Sunday. The Count gave warning to the vidame of Chartres, and to the noblemen and gentlemen of the religion in the Faubourg; but they, being unable to conceive that the King could consent to such butchery, determined to take boat, and to cross the river, in order to endeavour to see the King, preferring to trust him and not to show mistrust. Others, too, who took it into their heads that the affair was a plot against the King's life, wished to approach him, and tender their loyal services, and even if necessary to die at his feet. But they soon saw about two hundred of soldiers the Royal Guard upon the river, coming towards those who had remained in the Faubourg, and crying out, "Slay, slay every one!" These men fired volleys before the King's eyes, he being at the time at the window of his chamber. It was then perhaps seven o'clock on Sunday morning; and it is said that the King took himself a harquebuss, and exclaimed with an oath, "Let me shoot; they are flying."

The most important historical questions respecting the massacre of St Bartholomew are, who were chiefly responsible for it, and whether it had been long premeditated? It is now, we think, pretty well ascertained that the story that it was the result of a scheme, devised by Catherine de Medicis and the Guises so far back as seven years before, and executed at a fitting opportunity, does not rest on a solid foundation. Such a story is not only improbable in the extreme, but is controverted by the facts now known that Catherine, for some time previously, had really wished to support the Huguenots as a make-weight against the House of Lorraine, and that the influence of Coligni with the King was considerable after 1570. A remarkable narrative, published in 1631, and, in the opinion of the editors of this series, deserving especial attention, ascribes the origin of the massacre at least to the jealousy of Catherine and her son Henry, who could not endure the attitude of authority in which Coligni stood towards the King. Having by a hired assassin disabled the Admiral on the 22nd of August, they induced at last their royal puppet to consent to an onslaught upon the Huguenots, which, however, in the event, proved far more terrible than had been contemplated. This narrative rests on a pretended confession made by Henry when King of Poland, and though its genuineness has not been proved, it is well worthy of serious attention. Henry thus describes how Coligni's influence had alienated Charles from his mother and himself:—

'The Admiral had become all-powerful with

the King. Without saying one word to me, he began to walk up and down the chamber in a fury. He looked often at me askance, and with an evil eye, putting more than once his hand to his poniard, and so menacingly that I expected every moment that he would collar and stab me. I wished to get away and out of danger, which I did cleverly, for, while he was stalking about, and his back was turned, I hurried to the door, and made my escape with a quick obelance, much quicker in truth than that on my entry. I went then at once to my mother, and having put together all the reports, the warnings, and the suspicions we had been made aware of, and the time and other circumstances of the interview, we felt convinced that the Admiral had inspired the King with some bad opinion of us.'

The Duke and the Queen, having made up their minds to get rid of Coligni by any means, procured 'Maurevel to slay the Admiral, but he proved himself a mere novice.' The intended victim being only wounded, the conspirators, 'now in a real alarm,' paid a visit to him, to disarm suspicion, and a scene so striking and lifelike followed, that we quote it at length:—

'This fine stroke having failed so narrowly, we began thinking on our situation towards evening, and, hearing that the King was going to see the Admiral, the Queen and I resolved to accompany him, and to ascertain the condition of the patient. When we reached his chamber, we saw him wounded in bed; and we, taking the cue from the King, told him all would be well and bade him hope, assuring him too that we would see justice done on those who had brought him to this state, with their aiders, abettors, and accomplices. The Admiral said he wished to speak to the King in private; and the King having assented at once, the Queen and I were motioned to retire. We fell back to the middle of the chamber, and remained there during this secret conversation. Our suspicions became great, and what increased them was that we found ourselves suddenly surrounded by two hundred gentlemen and captains of the Admiral's party who were in that room and another adjoining. There were others, too, in the hall below; and all these, with sad countenances and unquiet gesture and bearing, were whispering in each other's ears, passing and repassing behind and before us, and, as we thought, with great want of respect, as if they suspected that we had had some part in the wounding of the Admiral. However that may have been, we thought so at least, perhaps imagining more than was intended. We were really terror-stricken at being shut up, as the Queen, my mother, has often admitted to me.'

The fear inspired by the attitude of the Huguenots, and the consciousness of their atrocious guilt, at length caused the con-



spirators to attempt to win the King to their detestable counsels, and to consent to get rid of the Admiral :—

'As soon as we had reached the closet where the King, my brother, was, she commenced by showing him that the Huguenots were arming against him on account of the Admiral's wounds, that the Admiral had despatched several posts to Germany to procure a levy of ten thousand reiters, and to the Swiss cantons for ten thousand footmen, and that the French captains of the Huguenots' party had probably departed to raise their musters, the time and place of meeting being already settled. If an army of such force, she continued, was once united with the troops in France, a thing very likely to come to pass, his army would be unable to oppose it, especially as the Huguenots had relations with many towns, communities, and people in the interior of the kingdom and beyond it. He then, being weak in men and money, would have no safety for himself or his realm. And there was another contingency that should be borne in mind; for the Catholics, wearied with their long wars, and harassed with so many calamities, were determined to put an end to them, and if he would not be of their mind, were resolved to elect a captain-general, and to make a league offensive and defensive against the Huguenots, so that he would be surrounded by perils, without authority or real power. Thus France would be divided into two great parties, over whom he would have no control. A danger, however, so great and imminent, such a series of calamities and misfortunes, and the ruin and death of thousands of his subjects, could be averted by a single stroke, and it was only necessary to kill the Admiral, the author and chief of these civil troubles.'

The head of the Huguenots being destroyed, the members could be easily dealt with. The King at first indignantly refused to listen to the advice of the tempters; but at last, if we are to credit the narrative, he rushed headlong into projects of crime more dark and terrible than had been in contemplation. This sudden change is no doubt singular, but it is consistent with the few facts we really know about Charles IX.

'Though we were seconded by no one, we kept up our spirits, and having firmly insisted on our views, we succeeded at last in carrying our point. A remarkable change, and, as it were, a metamorphosis, came over the King; he took up our side, and fell into our opinions, going much farther and with deadlier purpose; for having before been difficult to persuade, it was now no easy matter to restrain him. He rose, and, telling us to keep silence, he exclaimed furiously and with a tremendous oath, that he was well-minded to slay the Admiral, and not only him but all the Huguenots in France, so that none should remain to charge him with the

deed. He bade us then make our preparations, and, rushing out wildly, left us in his cabinet, where we took counsel the entire day, that evening, and a good part of the night, in order to see what was to be done. We made sure of the Provost of the Merchants of the Captains of the Wards, and of other persons whom we thought most bitter against the Huguenots, dividing the two into separate quarters, and telling out individuals to carry out the execution, the Admiral being assigned to M. Besse.'

This narrative, whether genuine or not, is corroborated in some important points by Michieli, 'who, as we have said, was very well informed :—

'This business, from beginning to end, has been the work of the Queen-Mother, aided by the Duke of Anjou, her son. . . . The Duke of Guise has been accused of the harquebuss-shot, but it was not so. The thing was concocted by the Duke and the Queen. . . . On the evening of Friday, being eager for despatch, the Queen and Anjou went into the King's closet. The Queen opened the matter to the King, pointing out the brilliant opportunity before him, and the certainty of his being able to take vengeance on the rebels, who were now shut up in Paris as in a cage. He would thus wipe out the disgrace of having treated with them, which had been forced on him by violence and terror, and he was not bound to adhere to such a compact. She made him comprehend the artifice of the Admiral's designs, seditious counsels that would lead His Majesty into a war that would prove the ruin of the realm, so long impoverished and overwhelmed by debt. And there was even something worse behind. If the Admiral were not slain, civil war would ensue, for he and his party were resolved on mischief.'

The last years of the unhappy monarch, pursued by the furies of his own conscience, have often been described by historians. We quote this sketch by an eye-witness of his sinister and repulsive aspect :—

'His looks have become dark, and in conversation he does not look the speaker in the face. He hangs down his head, sometimes shuts his eyes, then opens them again, and, as if the effort were painful, shuts them anew with a kind of uneasy suddenness. People fear that he is possessed by the spirit of vengeance; he was severe, they now think him cruel. He eats soberly and drinks water only, the same diet as the rest of his brothers. He craves fatigue at any risk; remains on horseback twelve hours at a time; and goes on thus, hunting the same stag two or three days together, stopping only to eat, and resting but an instant at night. His hands are callous and wrinkled, full of cuts and swellings. His mood is always for war, it is a fixed idea. His mother tries in vain to pacify him.'

These volumes are less rich than we had expected in documents on the memorable period between the accession of Henry III. and the settlement of France at the Peace of Vervins. At that crisis of the destinies of mankind, when Europe was darkened by the shadows of Spanish despotism and Romish bigotry, when the dykes of Holland and the British seas proved the last and only retreat of liberty, and when the dawn of the Reformation seemed sinking in dim and disastrous eclipse, the Huguenots, having definitely become a great political and military party, fought for what was really the national cause, as well as that of the Protestant religion. Had Mayenne and the League triumphed, had the candidate of the Guises been placed on the throne won by Henry of Navarre, France would, undoubtedly, have been absorbed, for a time at least, in the Spanish monarchy, and the country of Coligni and Sully would have become a satrapy of Philip II. It is idle, therefore, to represent the Huguenots as an unpatriotic faction, and their adversaries as the champions of the nation; such a view, the figment of a Catholic literature, is simply inverting the facts of history. The Huguenots, however, at the end of the contest, were not more than one-twelfth of the people; and their inferiority in numbers and isolation as a sect have given colour to this charge against them. One of the first acts of Henry IV. was to abjure the faith of his Huguenot supporters, and to embrace that of the mass of his subjects. In the case of the lover of Gabrielle, who had often shown his indifference to all creeds, conscience probably hardly raised any question; but, certainly, if there was ever an occasion when expediency becomes the highest law, it was in the instance of this conversion. The nation, though reconciled to its chief, and hostile to the remains of the League, was, in the mass, sincerely Catholic; and Henry's adherence to the Protestant doctrines would have probably rekindled the long civil war and alienated the great body of his subjects. It was natural, however, that his defection should have been condemned by many of those who had fought for him in the Reformers' ranks, and especially by the Huguenot preachers, who denounced it in passionate and unmeasured language. The following letter is characteristic of the boldness and licence of these uncompromising men — the true disciples of Knox and Calvin — whose single-mindedness we must respect, though we may think it ill-timed and narrow. The personal sarcasms cannot be mistaken: —

'You, who with a handful of men have won so many trophies and gained so many hearts, who bear the name of great among your titles of honour, must you be alike despised and hated? Among the Kings of Israel Solomon was the wisest and most learned, and nothing could be compared to his glory, as even we see in the New Testament. Yet we know and blush at his disgraceful fall; how in his old age he became besotted by women, and was led by them into paganism and idolatry. Jehu was the especial servant of God, and was anointed by the Prophet to execute His judgments on Jezebel and the house of Ahab; nevertheless he fell off and sinned at the end of his reign. Roman history informs us of the first years of Nero, and you know what a monster he became afterwards. Tacitus speaks of Galba as one fit to reign had he not reigned; that is, he was so esteemed before, not after his advent to empire. These few examples, Sire, taken from many others, may afford you some food for meditation.'

Such appeals doubtless, not to speak of the reproof — conveyed in very different language — of such men as Duplessis Mornay and D'Aubigné, fell lightly on the ear of the Prince, who, as it was said, spent in love the time when he should have been marching against Parma. Henry IV., however, did not fail to do justice to his Huguenot subjects. The Edict of Nantes, indeed, was not an original measure of toleration; it was a re-enactment, even with restrictions, of privileges conceded many years before; and, as a compromise, it was deficient, in some respects, in far-sighted statesmanship. Nevertheless the Huguenots esteemed it with justice the Great Charter of their religious rights; nor was it unworthy of the noble principles bequeathed to France by the illustrious L'Hôpital. It secured, under certain fixed limitations, full freedom of worship to all French Protestants; made them eligible to any office in the State without imposing any obnoxious test; confirmed their ecclesiastical and political organisation and their possession of certain places of strength; and even established a separate tribunal in each of the Parliaments to maintain their Franchises. A measure so comprehensive and liberal provoked of course opposition in that age; and singularly enough that opposition was directed not against the most objectionable part of the edict, its leaving the Huguenots their cautionary towns, but against what was its principal merit, its recognition of their religious freedom. Henry IV., however, persisted steadily, and with a courage that does him honour, against the remonstrances of the great bodies of the State,

and of many bigoted and ignorant counselors, and he not only accomplished his object but caused the edict to be observed faithfully. His address to the Parliament of Paris reveals his position and sentiments at this juncture, and illustrates the character of the man—gay, light, and easy, but generous and humane, with great experience in affairs of state, and a true appreciation of the wants of his kingdom:—

‘I have come to speak to you, not, like my predecessors, in a royal garb, with sword and robes, nor as a prince who addresses strange ambassadors, but in a purport, like the father of a family who wishes to say a word to his children. I entreat you to verify the edict I have caused to be made in favour of the Reformers. What I have done is for the interests of peace; I have made it abroad, I wish to make it at home. . . . We must put an end to all false rumours; we must make no distinction between Catholics and Huguenots, but all must be good and loyal Frenchmen. . . . I have for a long time desired to reform the Church, but I cannot do this until peace shall have been made. You cannot convert the Huguenots by force; and at any rate I am a shepherd-king, and will not shed the blood of my sheep.’

He thus addressed the notables of Toulouse, a town, down to our own times, remarkable for religious animosities:—

‘I am surprised you cannot conceal your ill will. You have still too many Spaniards among you. Could any one honestly suppose that men who had exposed their lives, substance, estates, and houses in the defence and preservation of this realm would be unfit for public and honourable offices, like perfidious Leaguers, who deserve to be banished. Those who have moved heaven and earth to destroy this kingdom are, in your opinion, good Frenchmen, and alone worthy and capable of offices! I am not blind; I see very plainly; I wish the Reformers to live in quiet in my kingdom, and to have a right to receive employment from the Crown, not because they are Reformers, but because they are good subjects.’

This interesting record of an interview between the King and Daniel Chamier, one of the most celebrated Huguenot pastors, does honour to Henry's courtesy and good feeling, and shows his endeavour—in which he met with considerable success in his glorious reign—to soften down the sectarian rancour which was too apparent in both parties:—

‘The King took me by the hand, and, having led me to a gallery, asked me if I was soon going away. I replied, as soon as I had received his commands. He said that he wished to make

use of my services, not in the way many thought that he gained over his ministers, who were viewed with dislike and called his pensioners. He only asked of me what an honest man might do. He was not, as it was said, ruled by the Jesuits, he ruled them and his ministers too like a king. . . . It was wrong to have called the Pope Antichrist, and to have written letters to strange princes; it was not well to speak of Frenchmen as Papists; for his part, he would willingly lose an arm could he bring his subjects to agree in religion.’\*

The religious animosities of France revived at the death of Henry IV.; and the first years of the reign of Louis XIII. were marked by Huguenot disaffection. It is absurd, however, with many historians, to make the Reformers alone responsible for the period of anarchy and civil war which terminated at the Peace of Alais. They often, indeed, betrayed the vehemence and passion characteristic of their race, and their cause, through their leaders, became identified with the expiring efforts of disorderly feudalism. But the revolts of the Huguenots were really due to their false and anomalous position in the State, to the character of the Government and the times, and to the numerous vexatious infringements, attended with insult and prosecution, that were made upon their chartered privileges. By leaving them in possession of their places of strength, and treating them as apart from the nation, the inevitable result of the Edict of Nantes was to make them a state within the State itself, and to separate them from the mass of their countrymen, with distinct interests, aspirations, and sympathies. The ascendancy of the old faction of the League during the feeble regency of Marie de Médicis provoked naturally their distrust and suspicion; and the perilous situation of Protestantism in Europe—contending against the Romanist reaction, and the enormous power of Austria and Spain, connected with France by a double marriage—inclined them against a Catholic monarchy. They would doubtless, however, have remained quiescent, had it not been for the criminal encouragement the Government gave to violations of their rights, and the series of provocations and wrong they suffered at the hands of the Catholic party.

\* The Diary of Daniel Chamier (ancestor of the well-known English family of that name), from 1564 to 1621, containing a particular account of his journey to the Court of Henry IV. in 1607, has been published by Mr. Charles Read in a separate volume, which forms part of the series produced by the Société d'Histoire du Protestantisme Français. The ‘Memoirs of M. de Bostquet,’ reviewed in a recent number of this Journal, also form part of the same collection.

The following catalogue of Huguenot grievances in a petition drawn up in 1621 almost justifies their repeated insurrections :—

‘In many places we are not permitted to worship in the manner sanctioned by your edicts. They will not allow us to live or die in peace. In opposition to your edicts, they set priests to lay siege to our sick-beds, and prevent the sufferers from thinking of God by dinning in their ears that they are doomed to perdition. Our enemies, though preferring our graves to our presence, cast stones at those who inter our dead, or unbury those who have been buried and fling the corpses into the common sewers. We are given infamous places for cemeteries; the wills of our testators are set aside, and legacies are frequently invalidated. Our children are taken from us to be baptized; if grown up, they are married or put into employments against the conscientious wishes of their parents, the law of nature and conscience being thus disregarded, and our Christian liberty put under restraint. To sap our churches to their foundations we are denied the means of instructing our children; we are kept out of all honours, offices, and places enjoyed by your subjects; the benefits we should derive from the Chambers of the edict are never obtained within a reasonable time, either on account of vexatious opposition, or of repeated and costly appeals, or because it is impossible to execute their judgments. Our temples are burned; our assemblies attacked; our nobility are removed from your household; their pensions are given to less deserving persons; we are banished from towns, and mobs stirred up against us; in a word, we are persecuted to the death.’

The civil wars of this brief period have scarcely attracted sufficient attention, being, like the wrongs by which they were caused, forgotten in the grand series of events which form the next scenes of French history. The Huguenots displayed great stubbornness and energy: we quote from a contemporary account this sketch of an episode in the siege of La Rochelle, the Londonerry of French Protestantism:

‘More than 15,000 persons died of hunger: M. de Noyres says 23,000. They had not strength enough to dig the pits that contained the dead; when they fell exhausted they could not rise again. Such was their firmness that they would look out for a pit and bier, paying for them whatever price was asked; and, whenever a funeral of their friends took place, those who were most feeble remained in the cemetery, at the side of the new-dug graves, and, having begged their companions to go back, would lie down and at last drop in. The poorer inhabitants, though dying of starvation, never stole the corn of others when it was being brought to the mill. The eloquence of Gaulbert, the minister, wrought in them this endurance; and

Guiton, the mayor, was wonderfully obstinate. This man answered a friend, who was pointing him out an honest acquaintance perishing of hunger, “Don’t trouble yourself about it, we must all come to this; let them die, but as long as one of us remains to close the gates there will be garrison enough!”

The energy and ability of Richelieu put an end to the religious wars that had desolated France, and placed the Huguenots in their proper position. He perceived the defects in the Edict of Nantes, deprived the Reformers of their cautionary towns, and interdicted the representative assemblies that gave them a separate political existence. But he guaranteed them a full measure of civil equality and freedom of worship; and his firm, severe, but national administration secured them in the possession of these advantages. The Reformers, no longer isolated as a sect, lost the power and the will to oppose the nation; and, freely admitted into the service of the State, and assured in the exercise of their religion, became contented and peaceful subjects. French Protestantism, during the thirty years that elapsed after the Peace of Alais, adds a brilliant page to the history of France. It is remarkable how large a proportion of the noblest and most distinguished members of the Court of Louis XIV. in the earliest years of his reign were, or had been, members of Protestant families. Even Madame de Maintenon affected to atone by the bigotry of her later years for the errors of her youth. But most of these Huguenot nobles abjured their faith, attracted by the fascination of the Court, or perhaps indifferent to the cause of dissent when it had ceased to be a point of honour. The great names of La Tremouille and La Rochefoucauld were soon found in the Catholic ranks; and even the Rohans and the Chatillons were seen ultimately among the converts. Some, however, clung to the creed of their fathers; and Schomberg, Guébriant, and Turenne, till manhood, shed lustre alike on France and Protestantism. The Duchesse de la Force, who was incarcerated by Louis XIV. in a dungeon which may still be seen in the Castle of Anger, maintained her faith inviolate, even after her husband had conformed to the mandate of the Court. But the real influence of the Reformers, and the benefits they conferred on the nation, are to be found, not in the records of the great, but in the industrial and general improvement of France during this part of the century. The Huguenots, forgetting their political sympathies, and protected in their religious



privileges, betook themselves to the arts of peace; and, by the admission of their detractors, became eminent in the van of progress. Their settlements were enriched by careful husbandry, they increased largely the commerce of the kingdom, and several of the present manufactures of France owe their origin to Huguenot skill and invention. Nor were they deficient in science and letters; their four academies at this period boasted many names of conspicuous merit; and, in the learned professions especially, the Reformers gained very high distinction. As for the moral and social results of this movement, they were such as experience has often verified. Without becoming indifferent to their faith, the Reformers mitigated some of its asperities, and lived at peace with their Catholic fellow-subjects, united parts of one great community. Above all, the disaffection vanished which had broken out lately into civil war; the old Huguenot loyalty revived and increased under a just government; and Mazarin, who carried out the policy of his predecessor with scrupulous fairness, could boast that 'his little Huguenot flock was fondly attached to its royal shepherd, even if it strayed into bad pastures.' It was the golden age of French Protestantism, a bright space between two dark eras.

During the early part of the reign of Louis XIV., the number of the French Protestants was not less, probably, than fifteen hundred thousand, and they composed some of the most valuable classes of the nation. The great families of the noblesse had nearly all conformed to the Catholic doctrines, and a considerable portion of the inferior seigneurie had gradually imitated this example. But the Huguenots filled the trading corporations; they had absorbed a large share of the commerce of France; they occupied wealthy and prosperous districts; they had many distinguished intellectual leaders; and everywhere they formed a contented population. M. Weiss — whose death we regret to notice while commenting on a kindred theme — in his excellent work on the French refugees, has given us an animated and interesting sketch of the state of the Huguenots at this juncture. Agriculture had made remarkable progress in the provinces, in which they were numerous; and it was owing mainly to their efforts that the slopes of Béarn were thick with corn, that cultivation ran up the Cevennes, that the valleys of Languedoc flowed with wine, and that a thousand farms in Normandy were rich with meadows and gay with orchards.

They traded extensively with the Levant, with Canada, Holland, and the British Islands; and Huguenot captains and Huguenot crews had engrossed much of the profitable commerce between Dieppe, Bordeaux, and London. Their skill and industry had achieved remarkable results in manufactures; and the silks of Lyons, the serges of Abbeville, the paper of Ambert, and the cloths of Coutances — produced chiefly by Huguenot hands — had become celebrated over the Continent. As for their intellectual position, it was attested by such names as those of Claude and Basnage — the one the most illustrious reformed preacher, the other the greatest jurist of France — of Conrart, Pelisson, Dacier, and Dubose, each variously famous in his generation, and of many others less equally known, but eminent at the bar and in the pulpit. Taken altogether, the Huguenots formed a most prosperous and energetic minority in the great mass of the French nation.

That a Sovereign of France should ever have thought of molesting such a body of subjects, in defiance of the laws of his kingdom, and of his own oaths and those of his ancestors, appears at present hardly credible. But France was sinking under a centralised despotism; the institutions and usages of the nation were being forced into a harsh uniformity; and a proud, bigoted, and ignorant king was told by flatterers and interested priests that he could obliterate religious distinctions, and make all Frenchmen of one faith, as easily as he could level differences in taxation. Though he confirmed at first the Huguenots' privileges, Louis XIV. from an early period resolved, as he said, 'to abridge their rights, and gradually to fence them round with restrictions.' Thirty years followed of harsh measures and vexatious edicts against the Reformers, the forerunners of a greater catastrophe. Commissions were issued to investigate the titles of the places of worship of the Huguenots, and the inquiries always ended in forfeitures. Their cemeteries were defaced, and their churches despoiled of their bells, ornaments, and other appendages; and it was expressly proclaimed that the royal arms should be erased from such impious edifices. The Huguenots were excluded from all offices of trust, from the upper ranks of the army and navy, and from employment in civil affairs; and, greatly to the annoyance of Colbert, they were banished from the corporate bodies, and forbidden to exercise almost every profession. Then came en-

croachments on their chartered rights; their tribunals in the Parliaments were closed; they were told to conform or expect no justice; and, like the Jews in the middle ages, they were occasionally forbidden to sue for their debts. At last royal iniquity and folly invaded their homes and broke up their families; and a series of odious ordinances deprived the Protestant parent of his natural authority, allured his children to interested conversions, and bribed them to disobedience and undutifulness. A detestable system of proselytism, too, by threats and corruption, was set on foot; and the influence of a powerful government was brought to bear all over the kingdom to degrade the Reformers and their religion. We quote an account of the deeds of this period, from the pen of a zealous Catholic priest, who played, like his fellows, his part in them:—

‘Before revoking the Edict of Nantes, the King had sapped the foundations of Calvinism. He had caused numerous places of worship to be thrown down; had abolished the Chambers of the Edict; had shut out the Huguenots from all higher offices, and from municipal and corporate bodies; had given large pensions to those who abjured; had condemned those who relapsed to death; and had sent missionaries everywhere to preach Catholicism. The way was thus opened to the completion of the good work, the most brilliant feat of an illustrious reign, the masterpiece of power and consummate policy.’

More violent measures were taken with the Reformers between 1683 and 1685. Their children were rudely torn from them on the information of hireling spies; and a host of busy proselytising priests were despatched to preach at them all over the kingdom. The mobs of the towns were stirred up against them; they were openly denounced as heretics and rebels; and lawless invasions of their property were winked at by the official authorities. To Louvois, however, belongs the infamy of having devised the most terrible means of coercing them into a change of religion. The ever-memorable dragonnades were the work of this bold and pitiless minister; and he carried it out with remorseless energy. Dragon regiments, attended by priests and usually headed by a bishop and intendant, were marched into the Huguenot districts; the inhabitants were summoned in a body to recant; and troops were quartered upon any recusants, with permission, as was significantly said, to do everything but murder and ravish. What atrocities were committed by this soldiery—

how they gave free scope to their cruelty and insolence—how they sacked houses, destroyed villages, and turned whole cantons into desolation—what refined modes of torture they invented, and how they indulged their brutality and lust—is described by Michelet with extraordinary power; and it may be doubted if any persecution has been more indiscriminate and reckless. We see its spirit in this letter of Louvois, for the first time published in this collection:—

‘The King has been informed by your letter of the 17th of the obstinacy of the Huguenots of Dieppe. These people having been especially conspicuous in refusing to submit to His Majesty’s will, you are to have no clemency whatever towards them; and you may make the quartering of the soldiers upon them as disagreeable and severe as possible. You may increase the number of billets as you please, but without relieving the Huguenots of Rouen; and instead of exacting ten pence and provisions, you may put on each house ten times as much, and allow the troops to do any needful disorder. This is the way you will cure people of the kind, and make an example in the province.’

The documents relating to the dragonnades are so numerous in this collection, that we scarcely know which to select from them. The following narrative of M. Chambrun, a Huguenot preacher near Avignon, is an average specimen of this persecution. M. Chambrun was very ill and in bed when the dragonnade broke into his town; and M. de Tessé, the royal commandant, and M. de Cosnac, the Bishop of Valence, at first, as was usually the case, sought to win him over by gentle means:—

‘The Count saluted me with much courtesy, asked me how I was, and then placed himself at the head of my bed, with the bishop at the foot. He then told me he took great interest in me; that he wished to show me particular favour; that he had not thrown me like my colleagues into prison; and that to overcome my scruples more easily, he had brought the bishop with him to explain everything. I thanked him for his politeness, but replied that I had a Master in heaven who claimed my obedience.’

Persuasion having been found impracticable, and M. de Chambrun having challenged the bishop to a theological discussion, M. de Tessé suddenly changed his language:—

‘He said all that was nothing to the point; that the King, his master, had resolved to make me a Catholic, and that it was better for me to think upon it and accept the terms that were offered to me. I told him all that I required



was a passport, so that I might go to Holland, like other French ministers. After a short time he took his departure, exclaiming that I had too much rhetoric for him, and that it would be well for me to reflect and obey. He had not been away two hours, when he sent forty-two dragoons into my house. These men kept beating drums all night to prevent me sleeping, and to compel me to submit. In a few hours my house was turned upside down. All the provisions I had were not enough for one of their meals. They broke in the doors to find out if anything had been concealed, and destroyed everything they laid their hands on. My wife resisted them with extraordinary courage; they insulted and abused her in the foulest language. At night they lit candles all over the house; yet, had as all was, it would have been bearable had they not come into my room to stifle me with tobacco-smoke, and kept up drumming throughout the whole night.\*

Meantime similar and worse scenes were taking place all over the town:—

'The troops were quartered instantly upon the Reformers, and they had no sooner received their billets than cries were heard in every street. The poor people ran up and down in despair; here and there a woman was seen at the window crying help for her husband, who was being bayoneted, or was hung up by his feet over a chimney, or, perhaps was kept with a knife at his throat. Here and there a husband was lamenting his wife, who had miscarried in consequence of blows and other cruelties. Children were screaming everywhere "Help! help! they are killing my father," or "carrying away my mother." But here my hand must lay down the pen. The recollection of these barbarities fills me with such affliction that I cannot go on with the tragic tale.'

Some idea of the dragonnades may be obtained by picturing to ourselves such scenes repeated in every province in France. The efforts of the missionary soldiers were usually crowned with apparent success; and whole towns and settlements of Huguenots were converted by their atrocious arguments. Great was the joy at Versailles and Marly at this example of the providence of God, as Madame de Maintenon piously observed; and Chancellor Le Tellier, when he heard that hardly a Huguenot remained in the kingdom, sang the *Nunc Dimittis* with senile ecstasy. Yet numerous as were the nominal conversions, many Reformers defied the fiery trial; and, in spite of cruelty and intimidation, refused to abandon the faith of their ancestors. This was the case especially with that sex whose firmness of purpose in matters of conscience has often put that of men to shame; and

Huguenot women in thousands of instances gave noble proofs of the martyr's constancy. The wrongs done to many of these victims, how they were torn from their homes and shut up in convents, how they were immured for years in loathsome dungeons, exposed to insults or hypocritical solicitations, would be almost incredible if not attested in hundreds of passages in this series: we quote a striking and horrible example:—

'When these ladies had been committed to their jailer's hands, he flung them into a prison full of mud and filth. He deprived them of their clothes and their linen; and put on them dresses taken from the hospitals, that had been worn by the most diseased patients, and were covered with stains of blood and ulcers. Mademoiselle Ducros was dressed in this manner. The wretch gave them bread that a dog would not eat, and a little water only to drink. He paid them a visit several times a day with warders, who caused them to be stripped, and beat them with extreme cruelty. Besides that, he used sometimes to plunge them into the moat, full of stagnant water and fetid matter, and dragged them out when they had lost all consciousness. They died under torments not surpassed in the annals of paganism.'

One of the most barbarous features of this persecution was the dishonour shown to the remains of those who, at the approach of death, had relapsed, conscience-stricken at the mockery of their conversion. It was a common spectacle in France at this juncture to behold their corpses torn from their graves, or tossed unburied into the common sewers; sights ominous of the yet distant times when brutalized mobs were to violate the tombs of the ancestors and descendants of that persecuting King, and inflict upon his own embalmed remains the outrages which had been offered by his authority to his unoffending subjects.\* This series abounds in details of such cases: we select that of M. Paul Chenevix, an eminent member of the Parliament of Metz:—

'When he was dead his body was brought to the jail, and was condemned by the magistrate to be dragged upon a hurdle. The Parliament, shocked at such a treatment of the most aged member of their body, delayed the execution of the sentence for a time; but an order to the contrary came from the Court. The venerable

\* See the curious *Procès Verbal* of the desecration of the Royal tombs in the *ci-devant* Abbaye of St. Denis in 1794. The corpses of Henry IV. and Louis XIII. were found, on opening their coffins, to be scarcely changed; the body of Louis XIV. was dried up to a black mummy; that of Louis XV. was a mass of corruption. All were thrown into the kennel, or scattered to the winds of heaven.

body was then stripped naked and exposed without any covering whatever. It was dragged on a hurdle with every mark of ignominy. The spectators at the sight cried aloud with grief; and when the corpse had been thrown into a sewer, the Reformers rescued it and buried it decently.

As a general rule, the commands of the King were obeyed with cruel and revolting zeal by all persons in authority in France. The bishops especially were distinguished in these acts of brutality, and vied with each other in making converts and covering their royal master with flattery. The eagle of Meaux, we regret to say, stooped to a flight so unworthy of him; and even the illustrious and gentle Fénelon acquiesced at least in the persecution. There were, however, some honourable exceptions, and this series contains more than one protest of honourable and right-minded Catholics against the folly and crimes of Louis. On the whole, however, the upper classes — the courtiers, officials, and even the noblesse — joined in the outcry against the Reformers, and co-operated in these acts of injustice — a circumstance not to be forgotten, perhaps, in any estimate of the King's conduct. One of the most vexatious trials of the Huguenots was to see renegades from their religion endeavouring to atone for their errors by persecuting with extraordinary severity. The Countess de Marsan was a notable instance: —

'The town of Pons belonged to this aged penitent, who, thinking that tormenting heretics was the best way to obtain pardon for sins, imprisoned and ill-treated those unfortunate persons who refused to convert themselves to Catholicism. She practised these severities on persons of every age, but she directed her attention towards children particularly, and caused them to be carried off on all sides. Many men and women died after three weeks or a month in her prisons, but others survived and were at length liberated. Some children resisted her with extraordinary fortitude.'

Towards the close of 1685, reports came in from all parts of France that the Reformers had for the most part abjured, though some signs of resistance were visible. The King, ignorant of the truth, and intoxicated by the flattery of the sycophants who compared him to Theodosius and Constantine, was persuaded that a little more rigour would extirpate heresy altogether; and, in an evil hour for his own renown, revoked the salutary and time-honoured edict which, disregarded as it had been of late, was a

fundamental law of the monarchy, and a protest against his recent oppression. All Huguenot churches that remained were overthrown; the cemeteries were dismantled and effaced; the Huguenot pastors were ordered to quit the soil of France under pain of death; and the exercise of Calvinism in public was prohibited under severe penalties. The emigration of all Protestants, who were not ministers, was strictly forbidden, the galleys, the halter, or transportation being reserved for those who made the attempt; and bands of soldiers were placed on the frontier to carry the mandate into execution. The trial discriminated and brought out clearly what was weak or vacillating, and firm or unyielding, in the afflicted body of French Protestantism. About one-third of the Huguenots, it is supposed, conformed ultimately to the Catholic doctrines and became absorbed in the mass of the nation, without any seeming religious distinction. Rather more than a third — though many of them had yielded to the storm of the dragonnades — remained in France attached to their faith; and in spite of disabilities and wrongs, maintained the creed of their fathers unchanged, and transmitted it to their existing posterity. The rest, perhaps eighty thousand families, between three or four hundred thousand persons, preferred their religion to the natal soil, and abandoned France when freedom of conscience was denied them within her misgoverned borders. Of these several were arrested and subjected to the terrible punishments denounced against them by the insensate King; but the large majority escaped by degrees in many instances, it is well known, with the aid of Catholic neighbours and friends, who secretly detested his odious tyranny.

The fate of the exiles is a well-known chapter in the history of France and the civilized world. Some took service in foreign armies, and in a series of bloody contests, from the day of the Boyne to that of Malplaquet, struck down the pride of the House of Bourbon, and avenged themselves on their royal persecutor. But the mass betook themselves to the pursuits they had followed in the country they had left, and, scattered in colonies in the British Isles, in Holland, Germany, and the American settlements, transferred to distant and alien nations the genius and grace of French industry. Their factories revived the wasted Palatinate, and repaired the ruin effected by Louvois; they introduced into Prussia and Saxony their manufactures of cloth and silk; the looms of Spitalfields and of Dublin owe their origin to their industrious skill; and, where-

ever they settled, they formed a population of orderly and well-disposed citizens. The exiles, too, produced many names distinguished for their public services, their industrial skill, and their private virtues,\* such as those of Schomberg, Ruvigny, Romilly Bouverie, Bosanquet, Hughessen, Martineau, Lefevre, Ouvry, Pigou, Labouchere, and Ligonier. As for the loss France sustained by their departure, it is best shown in the confidential reports made to Louis after the Peace of Ryswick. These documents, written by enemies of the Reformers, admit that an extraordinary decline in wealth and prosperity had taken place in the provinces in which the Huguenots had been numerous; and, even to this day, some towns and districts have not recovered from the effects of the emigration. We quote a passage from this series, referring to the condition of Saumur towards the close of the seventeenth century:—

'The inhabitants of the town of Saumur represent humbly to your Majesty, that your piety has allowed them to destroy the academy and temple of the Pretended Reformers, as they had for several years entreated; but that the French and foreign noblemen's sons who were educated there being now all gone, the merchants from Holland and other countries and nearly all the artisans having disappeared, this town, which was one of the most considerable in the kingdom, has become deserted and without trade, and is decaying from day to day.'

The original documents in this series on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes are less numerous than we might have expected. Those, however, that relate to the cruelties inflicted on the unhappy persons arrested in different attempts to escape are very striking and full of interest. We quote from a contemporary observer a specimen of that 'life in the galleys' which became the doom of too many men of blameless conduct and high character:—

'People never would believe, were not the fact certain, what refinements of barbarity were practised on these galley-slaves. They were led to the port, coupled with robbers and assassins, with chains on their necks, their hands,

and their feet, made a show of to terrify their fellows in religion. The heaviest chains were reserved for them. A red coat and cap was their usual dress, with a coarse shirt and stockings of felt. Their labours on the galleys were frightfully severe. The slaves were bound in pairs on the benches of each vessel, and could not move beyond the length of their chains, each eating and drinking in his own place. They were employed in rowing with the long and heavy oars by which the galleys were set in motion. They had no shelter against the rain and heat or the cold, often so severe at sea, but a thin awning spread over their heads. This was taken off when the vessel was under weigh, as it interfered with her speed. Along the benches ran a gallery, on which the officers walked up and down with a scourge in hand. The unhappy rowers were repeatedly beaten by their overseers. At the hour of Mass, when the Host was elevated, the Huguenot galley-slave was compelled to doff his cap. If he refused, he was stretched on his back naked, and was beaten severely with a rope's-end. His body, when sufficiently mangled and torn, was then washed with salt and vinegar.'

The following is an account of one of the scenes of transportation to the American colonies:—

'You have not, perhaps, yet heard of the new mode of persecution. Our friends are being shipped off to the islands in America, to be there exposed and sold as slaves. I went on board one of the transport ships. I saw eighty young women and others lying down in a pitiable state; I was horror-stricken, and could not utter a word. In another cabin were nearly a hundred old men in extreme misery; the tyrant's cruelty had reduced them to despair. They were of all classes and every quality; no one was spared. The women told me that when they set sail from Marseilles they were two hundred and fifty, men, women, and children, and that eighteen had perished in a fortnight.'

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was followed by a series of edicts, extending down to 1724, which, by a cruel and absurd fiction, declared Protestantism extinguished in France. The 'Newly Converted,' as the Huguenots were called, were 'presumed' to be of the national faith, and social outlawry and civil death were the sentence of the thousands of recusants whose acts and lives belied the presumption. The marriages of the Reformers were invalidated; they were declared incapable of succeeding to property; they were excluded from employment in the State; and they were treated as a degraded caste unworthy of the privileges of Frenchmen. Their religious assemblies, too, were

\* The Camden Society published in 1852 an interesting volume of 'Lists of Foreign Protestants and Aliens resident in England,' 1618—1688, edited by W. Durrant Cooper, Esq., which contains the names of a vast number of these meritorious exiles. Many of them settled in the city of Norwich, and contributed to the manufacturing prosperity of that place, for England owes the seeds of her greatness as a manufacturing country to the religious persecutions which drove the artisans of France and Flanders to her shores.

made criminal, and even their private worship proscribed; their homes were invaded by an inquisitorial police; and any of their pastors who ventured within the borders of orthodox France were liable to instant execution and torture. The galleys or exile were the penalty of the slightest resistance or complaint; and even the smallest Huguenot meeting was watched with angry and jealous suspicion. Shut out thus from the pale of the State, and under the ban of persecuting laws, the Reformers during the eighteenth century became Helots among their fellow-subjects, and, as is the case with those who suffer injustice from power, were feared by the Government. On every occasion when France was at war they were alternately repressed or conciliated by promises made to be only broken; and when once they rose up in arms, they were crushed with a merciless rigour which has made the revolt of the Cevennes a proverb. How many unfortunate Huguenot pastors fell the victims to their zeal for the faith, how many among their flocks were torn from their homes, and sent to the slave-ship or the penal settlement, historians, usually on the side of power, have not as yet, we believe, estimated; but this collection shows that the number was large. Yet, even atrocities of this kind were less intolerable than the degradation of the Reformers in every social relation. The French Huguenot, from the cradle to the grave, was a mark of general scorn and dislike, sneered at as an unsocial and morose stranger, denounced as a heretic and a rebel, despised as one of questionable position, and considered unfit for the rights of Frenchmen from which he had been iniquitously excluded. Those who know what, in a similar state of things, was the condition of the Catholic of Ireland, during the generation before the Union, will understand the social debasement of the French Huguenot in the eighteenth century.

The following passage may be quoted from a petition to Marshal Saxe, who, like Duquesne, was exempted by name from the disabilities that applied to Protestants — the conqueror of Fontenoy was felt to be a necessity to the House of Bourbon — in proof of the state of the Reformers in France about the middle of the last century:—

‘Sixty years have been the witnesses of our miseries. Our temples and our ministers proscribed, their flocks wandering and often fugitives, dragoons set upon us as missionaries; ecclesiastics often more cruel than these, who al-

low us neither to live nor to die without having been constrained to acts which shock our conscience; the jails and galleys overflowing with our martyrs; our marriages dishonoured by hypocrisy or sacrilege; our Bibles burnt by the hangman's hands; our properties confiscated and reduced by fines; such, Sir, are the principal features of our condition. Even if our sufferings have diminished of late, we owe it merely to accidental circumstances. But persecution only slumbers; it is not dead. Our confessors remain in prisons and chains. Some are in the galleys, at the port of Brescon, and others have been immured in the tower of Cutance for ten, twenty, or thirty years. Our marriages are declared invalid and illegal, unless celebrated according to the Romish form, and in marrying we are compelled to make our recantation. Our religious assemblies are treated as seditious, even when our loyalty cannot be questioned; in a word, the old and new laws remain in force, and our enemies only await an opportunity to cause them to be put in execution.’

Another document of the same period gives a sketch of the cruelties practised in 1720 on a party of the Reformers accused untruly of attending a religious meeting:—

‘Our prisoners yesterday set off from Montpellier. A company of cavalry, sabre in hand, and one of infantry with fixed bayonets, with six archers, formed the advanced guard. I will call the party neither good nor bad, for some were one and some the other; but each had a collar of iron on his neck, about the length of four fingers, to which a heavy chain was attached, and trailed down from the shoulders to the ground. So, four by four, or in parties of six, they were tied to each other by the neck, and were obliged to keep up the chain in their hands, its weight being really enormous. The prisoners were brought into the citadel in this plight, the garrison turning out, and mocking at them. The rain on that day was very heavy, but it did not prevent them, when they approached Nîmes, from baring their heads and breaking into a psalm. They had been mixed up with robbers and thieves; and indeed three of their women had been chained; two prostitutes, who had been taken up somewhere, being yoked on in the same way. As these good folk had been very ill treated at Montpellier, where they had lain in jail upon wet straw altogether, they were now in a state not fit to be seen, all swelled and hardly able to stir.’

And the revolting punishment inflicted on the Huguenot galley-slaves continued in the eighteenth century:—

‘You have perhaps heard how, for some time past, they have been more than ever determined to compel us to take off our caps during the Romish service. Some of us have been tied

together and fastened to a bench, to force us to remain bareheaded at Mass; we have been dragged to the stern where their altars are set up; in the harbour we have been flogged and condemned to the hardest work. But nothing was so bad as what took place in October. The missionaries obtained, or extorted, an order that we should be bastinadoed until we took off our caps at their prayers.'

In spite, however, of persecution, of barbarous edicts, and social ostracism, the numbers of the Reformers increased, and towards the end of the eighteenth century they were not far from a million persons. That law which enlists the feelings of man on the side of a faith for which he suffers, retained the Reformers in the old ways; and French Protestantism, after a hundred years of fruitless efforts to root it out, remained deeply implanted in the kingdom. The 'Church under the Cross,' as it was called, thrived under oppression and discouragement; while that of Fleury, of Tencin, of Dubois, though lapped in splendour, and sustained by power, was sinking into contempt and ruin. The ministers, at the peril of their lives, watched over 'the congregations of the desert,' to use their simple and pathetic language; and the Huguenot assemblies met and prayed, in secret and fear, but with not less fervour than when their ancestors blessed the name of the Great Henry in their favoured temples. A report of 1745 gives us this sketch of one of their gatherings, which, like those of the Scotch Covenanters, kept up the union and spirit of the sect:—

'On this day, the Calvinists, or Pretended Reformers, held a public religious assembly, the first that had been seen in this country since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. There were about six or eight thousand people of every age, sex, and quality. The place of meeting was in a meadow on the banks of the Dordogne, in the parish of Roquette, and diocese of Perigueux, a quarter of a league from the town of Sainte Foy. Many went to attend this assembly at daybreak, but it was not collected until about eight, and it lasted until two in the afternoon. Rivoise Yot, a merchant draper, having a loud voice, began with a lecture which lasted nearly two hours; then came a minister or preacher named Jean de Loire. He preached, said prayers, and sang psalms. He baptized two children, published the banns of marriage of eleven couples, and fixed a day for another assembly. Contributions were given, books were sold and distributed; and there was a good deal of eating and drinking.'

It would be absurd to suppose that the French Protestants lived contented under

this direful tyranny. They would have been unworthy of their race, and of manhood, had they not keenly felt its injustice. But they remained quiescent during the century, nor was this simply the result of weakness; there is strong evidence that the old spirit of Huguenot loyalty was never extinguished. This description by a young Catholic officer of a Calvinist assembly in 1757, which he happened to witness to his great annoyance, is a proof of the attachment still felt by the Reformers for the descendants of Henry:—

'After the sermon was over, some verses of the Miserere Mei were chanted which related to the subject of the discourse; and this was followed by a form of prayer in which they prayed for all conditions of men, from the King on his throne to the meanest peasant. But conceive my surprise when the minister prayed by name for the King, the Queen, the Dauphin, and the Dauphiness, and thanked God for Her Royal Highness's delivery. I could not credit my ears, nevertheless it was true. Judge, Sir, how amazed I was. You know in what colours our Huguenots are painted and in what way they speak of their assemblies. I, like many others, had been prejudiced against them, but I see I have been deceived, and that their enemies don't tell the truth.'

The proscription of the Protestant faith in France certainly did not contribute to strengthen the hold of Catholicism or even of Christianity upon the minds of the educated classes. On the contrary, infidelity spread and the authority of the Church declined, precisely during that period when the pious convictions of the Huguenot faith were crushed and extirpated as anti-Christian and heretical. The National Church, relieved from the task of a moral conflict with the Reformers, by degrees lost the true elements of her strength, and declined into lethargy and corruption. A Bossuet appeared to answer a Claude; but the mitred sycophants of Louis XV., who enforced orthodoxy by the galleys and the halter, were, usually, either profligate or ignorant. The place of a Church that had fallen into contempt was usurped by a succession of sceptics, who, destroying all faith in existing usages, proved the heralds of an anarchy of irreligion. Nor was this all; for religion became identified in the thoughts of men with the cruelties perpetrated in its name, and reason and conscience protested against a system allied with tyranny and injustice. 'Your persecution,' said Bayle in 1686, 'will recoil on yourselves and lead to Deism;' and the prediction was fully verified by experience. The ideas which found



their highest expression in the writings of Voltaire and Jean-Jacques were antichristian in part and destructive; but this was because the essence of Christianity was confounded with accidents that seemed antichristian; and their strength lay, as has been remarked, in the liberality, the loftiness of thought, and the justice that was mixed up with their errors. So true it is that in human affairs wrong often works out its own penalty, and that the triumph of persecution may become ultimately its avenging Nemesis. Throughout the profligate reign of Louis XV., when the depravity of his Court and the relaxed state of public opinion were tending to the catastrophe which overtook his unfortunate successor, no amelioration took place in the deplorable condition of the King's Protestant subjects. It is a thing almost incredible, and which we were not aware of until we found the evidence of it in these volumes, that little more than one hundred years ago, in the year 1762, a Protestant minister named M. de La Rochette was hanged by sentence of the fanatical Parliament of Toulouse—the same which had recently perpetrated the judicial murder of the Calas family—for no other offence than that of preaching the Gospel in violation of the law, and that three Protestant gentlemen were beheaded at the same time for the crime of having attempted to rescue their minister. The narrative of this martyrdom is one of the most affecting pages we remember to have read, and the spectacle seems to have produced an effect even on the population of Toulouse, which had assembled to witness it:—

‘The prisoners were led to the square of St. George, being the place chosen for extraordinary executions; but the square of La Monnoye was thought more fitting, inasmuch as the space was not so great, and fewer persons could have a view of the martyr. All the avenues were lined by detachments of soldiers; for a rescue was, it is said, feared; and if so it must have been the Catholics who devised such a scheme,—they were grieved at the shedding of innocent blood—for the few Protestants who dwelt in the town had shut themselves up in their houses, in a state of terror, and mourning in private. The windows of the houses that looked into the square were let at a very high rate; wherever the victims made their appearance they were received with lamentation and tears; you would have said that Toulouse had become Protestant. The people asked what was the faith of these men; and when they were heard speaking of Christ and His Passion, there was a general feeling of surprise and affliction. The clergyman of Taur could not

stand the sight; he fainted away, and his place was taken by one of his curates. What was most touching was the perfect calmness of La Rachette; his face full of sweetness, of beauty, and of intelligence, his youth, his steadfast and sober words, all this excited profound interest. Besides, there was the additional reflection that he was dying because he would not tell an untruth, that his being a minister was his only crime, that there was no evidence nor even charge against him, that he had only to say a word to save his life, and yet he preferred a cruel death to abjuration.’

The edicts against the Protestants of France continued in force till 1787, and were not unfrequently put into execution. In a letter, written in 1774, Lafayette complains that hundreds of thousands of his countrymen were by law aliens, and deprived of the commonest rights of Frenchmen. Men still living remember the time when the Huguenot pastor who ventured to raise his voice in prayer for his scattered flock was liable to immediate death, and when the Huguenot husband and wife were denounced as living in concubinage and rearing up a family of bastards. The parents of such men of our own day as M. Guizot, Admiral Baudin, and M. Delessert, were excluded by law from the rites of marriage, from the privileges of citizenship, and even from the last indulgence of a tomb in consecrated ground. Even after the accession of Louis XVI. the galleys contained some Huguenot slaves; and not many years before that event, the judicial murders of Calas and La Rochette show that fanaticism had still the power of glutting its vengeance on French Protestantism. By degrees, however, a more kindly feeling grew up towards the persecuted sect; the religious indifference of the age was a security against the oppression of the past; and the awakening intellect of the France of Voltaire confessed and regretted the great crime committed in the preceding century.

The first amelioration in the condition of the Protestants of France was not made until 1787, one of the last free acts of Louis XVI. And it was not until the monarchy was perishing in the revolutionary storm, that the National Assembly redressed the injustice of which his ancestor had been the author, and not only swept away the disabilities to which the sect had remained subject, and raised it to equality with the Catholics, but offered the privilege of French citizenship to the descendants of the exiles of 1685. Since that time, under the various governments which have claimed the allegiance of the French people, the con-



gregations of the Reformers have proved themselves loyal and faithful men; and their churches, protected again by the State, have for the most part retained unchanged the austere simplicity of the ritual and the doctrines of Calvin. At this moment the Protestants in France are stated by themselves to amount to 1,561,000 souls, and in their pursuits and mode of life resemble strongly their Huguenot ancestors. They have given the State some eminent servants, of whom Guizot is the most illustrious; they can show names of eminence in the camp, in art, in letters, and the learned professions; but they abound principally in the middle classes, distinguished by their industry and perseverance, and their strict, yet sincere and fervent, piety. France, indeed, has never become Protestant; from the days of the Guises to those of Napoleon, Catholicism has been the national faith; yet Protestantism has had a salutary effect on the thoughts, the feelings, and the tendencies of Frenchmen; and even now the Protestant supporters of liberty, of free

thought, and constitutional government, comparatively few in number as they are, counteract to a certain extent the evils of a despotic government and an ultramontane clergy. That France remains in the van of civilization, that, in the race of the last three centuries, she has not fallen behind like Austria and Spain, may in part be due to the share which Protestantism has had in her destinies. In our own day, the Protestants of France have acquired, perhaps, rather too much of that sectarian character, which is inseparable from the position of a small minority of persons, differing in opinion on essential points from the nation to which they belong. But at the head of every good and enlightened enterprise, for the relief of distress, for the spread of knowledge, for the defence of freedom, Protestant names will be found: and amongst these laudable undertakings the attempt of this Society to rescue from oblivion the sufferings and services of their Huguenot forefathers, deserves certainly to be honourably remembered.

**THE PROFITS OF PANICS.**—By the Author of "The Bubbles of Finance." (Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.)—The anonymous author of this brief collection of sketches seems determined to take the subject of City rascalities under his especial charge. Having in his previous volume shown how fraudulent companies are got up, he now undertakes to throw a light on the causes of "financial storms," otherwise panics, and to point out who contrive and profit by them, and who are the chief sufferers. The revelations are evidently based on actual knowledge; and the style in which they are conveyed is doubtless the best for carrying such statements far and wide.

Messrs. TRUBNER & Co. call attention to a Chinese "Murray." It appears in the shape of a neat pamphlet of some seventy pages, entitled "Notes for Tourists in the North of China," by N. B. Dennys, and is published by Messrs. A. Shortrede & Co., Hong-Kong.

Mr. MURRAY will publish in London the following works, prepared under the direction of the Committee of Architectural Antiquities of Western India, viz.:—"The Architecture of Ahmedabad, Capital of Goozerat," photographed by Colonel Biggs, with an historical and descriptive sketch by T. C. Hope; "The Architecture of Beejapoor, in the Bombay Presidency," photographed by Colonel Biggs and Major Loch, with an historical sketch by Colonel Meadows Taylor; and "Architecture in Dharwar and Mysore," photographed by Dr. Pigou, A. C. B. Neil, Esq., and Colonel Biggs, also with an historical sketch by Colonel Meadows Taylor. Each of the works referred to will be accompanied by an architectural essay and notes by James Fergusson, F.R.S.

Mr. MAGUIRE, M.P., is engaged upon a work on the Irish in America, which will be published by Messrs. LONGMANS & Co.

From the Massachusetts Teacher.

### THE EDUCATION OF RICH MEN'S SONS.

DR. TYLER, in his evidence before the Governor and Council, respecting the mental condition of Green, the Malden murderer, says, "He is not dull. His perceptive powers are quick, — quicker than his reflective powers. He is like some sons of rich men, who have had no motive to exert themselves; whose intellect is torpid rather than deficient; who have always done as they pleased as far as self-gratification is concerned, and to whom it has never occurred to do otherwise."

A great deal has been done for the education of the poor; and here in New England it is quite possible for the child of the humblest and most destitute to acquire a mental training that shall put him on a level with the highest. But Dr. Tyler alludes, in the above extract, to an unfortunate class who have not yet in our systems of education had proper provisions made for them; and as our country increases in wealth, and great fortunes become more and more common, the question what that provision should be becomes one of increasing importance.

It is often said that rich men's sons rarely "come to anything." Take any fifty prosperous and successful merchants or professional men in Boston and New York, and the chances are that at least seventy-five per cent. of them, when you inquire into their history, will turn out to have been poor boys, whose early education was confined to a country district school in Vermont, New Hampshire or Massachusetts. Take a hundred of the *fast* young men about town, the idle frequenters of club billiard tables, loungers about fashionable bar-rooms, and you will probably find that seventy-five per cent. of them had the misfortune to inherit money, without having been educated in a manner that taught them the right use of it. The case is the same with the women as with the men. The mothers of our really able men — who are they? Not the frivolous creations of the city milliner, not the pale-faced graduates of fashionable city schools — but thoughtful and pious women, working hard perhaps in some remote farmhouse, with small learning, but much womanly character, owing a plain education to our public schools: or they have come from the ranks of those — and nowhere can better types of true womanhood be found — who, at our normal schools, have really studied because they had an aim and a purpose before them.

Now, is it right that the dangers of failure in life should be so immensely increased to young men and young women, simply because of the misfortune for which they are nowise responsible, of having wealthy fathers? The distinction of rich and poor will certainly continue to exist; as this country develops its resources and increases in power and prosperity, these distinctions are likely to increase rather than diminish. Colossal fortunes will multiply in correspondence with the vastness and magnificence, in this country, of the sources from which wealth is created. If the children of the wealthy classes continue to be uneducated or miseducated, the consequence to the nation will be exceedingly disastrous, and the dangers to our republican institutions exceedingly great. Already there is a strong tendency in this class to imitate all the worst vices, and to ape all the most contemptible frivolity, of the old world. Paris is their Paradise, and what worse condemnation can there be of the morals or the manners of professed republicans? Good Mrs. Child, writing in the columns of the *Independent* on this subject, says:

So far as I have had an opportunity to observe, people generally come back from a prolonged sojourn in the Old World with diminished faith in republican institutions, and increased belief in the necessity of strong demarcation of ranks in society. They are apt to become indifferent to public affairs in their own country, and to avoid participation therein.

One of our Boston young gentlemen, returning from a long sojourn in Europe, was in the habit of shrinking so daintily from plebeian contact that he was proverbially called "the duke." I lately heard of a very intelligent and highly respectable nurse, who, being weary with night-watching, seated herself for a few minutes while she answered the inquiries of a young lady concerning the symptoms of the invalid under her care. She was rebuked by the observation, "It is proper for you to stand while you are speaking to me." The young lady had recently returned from England, where she had apparently been bathed in "British fluid."

That this country is growing prematurely old in vice and crime, by reason of the vagrants and convicts which Europe continually pours upon our shores, is known and lamented by all reflecting people; but they take less note of the subtle, insidious, undermining influences continually filtering into the national mind through foreign education and foreign travel. Yet I am sometimes tempted to think that these latter influences are the more dangerous of the two.

We do not doubt it. The wretched pauper of Europe, shipped to this country, often feels when he touches our shore for the first

time a man — feels that a new life, another chance, is given him; and the European outcast is turned — such is the virtue of republican institutions — into a good citizen. But the rich man's son, who returns to his home debauched and emasculated by European vice, with a hatred and distrust of free institutions, because, forsooth, they are vulgar — he becomes an unmitigated curse. He it is who believes in the "chivalry" of the slave system, and when a foul attack is to be made upon the friends of freedom, he will be found joining hands with the vilest of the vile, — Fifth Avenue and the Five Points in fraternal union, Beacon Street side by side with North Street. The dangers to this country from an uneducated or a miseducated wealthy class are very real and very threatening.

What is the remedy? It cannot come from abroad. The temptation to men of wealth to send their children to Europe for an education is very great. We cannot yet rival the science, the learning, the vast educational resources of the old world. Our colleges look poor, stunted and narrow by the side of the grand and venerable ones of Europe. Our schools of science are in their infancy. We ignore the realm of Art in our education, to the sad impoverishment of our American mind in respect to all that is beautiful. Yet we firmly believe that, poor as it may be, an American education is best for American children. Believing this, however, we cannot help seeing that one of the most pressing wants of the day is an enlargement of the system to meet the growing wants of the people.

What is now too often the history of a rich man's son? His father has toiled in business till he has made a million. He is a man of shrewd sense and great natural power, but he had no education save that of the public school of his native village. He feels keenly his deficiencies, and is determined to do all for his son that wealth can do to give him a good education. Accordingly he sends him to the best Latin schools, and then to college. But at school and college the education is of one narrow antiquated type. The boy submits to the cramming of dead languages at school, because there is before him the inevitable examination which opens the only entrance-gate to college. But once in college, with nothing but the same narrow choice before him, while the restraints of school discipline are all removed, and with the feeling that he will never need learning because he will never have to work for his living, the chances are fearfully in favor of his idling and lounging

away the four best years of his life, and becoming afterwards a useless or mischievous member of society; while all the prizes of college are taken, and all the lofty work of life is done by the young men who live on bread and water, and run the night horse-cars to pay for their hard-earned privileges.

But all this need not be. There is a deal of talent and true manliness running to waste in the shape of rich young men. What they need is a wider field of choice, and better opportunities. You cannot make book-learned men, far less mere verbal pedants of all of them. By taking the right course you might make *men* of them. Suppose, instead of a petty college, with its narrow old-world curriculum of studies, we had a *University*, where all branches of Science, Learning and Art were recognized — a University to which, instead of one narrow entrance, there were as many as there are avenues of thought, and fields for the mind's exertion — a University not filled with school-boys who require the discipline of pedagogues and policemen, but with young men old enough to understand and appreciate the real purposes of life, and manly enough to aim at them. Should we then have so many rich men's sons going to destruction? Consider the intellectual work that is waiting to be done, but which does not get done because it does not *pay*, and because the few men of learning and science who could do it are too poor to be able to afford to. Does not this work offer a noble career to men who by the gift of fortune are raised above the necessity of working for a living? And would they not do it if they were educated for it? How many a rich man's son despises himself, loathes the life he leads, feels that there was in him something higher and better, if it had only been developed in him when he was younger!

We think there should be some one institution of learning and science in this country where the freest opportunity should be afforded for the development of the individual talents of every pupil, and where a choice of studies should be offered, broad and generous and liberal enough to rouse the energies and develop the talents of young men not destined for a mere professional or money-getting life. It must be an institution where from the beginning a free choice of studies shall be given, and where there shall be courses of instruction as wide and varied as is the field of man's intellectual activity. Ancient learning and literature should not be neglected, but neither should modern; and ancient learning should not be crammed into the heads of those who do not want it, nor

should a reluctant toll be taken of the best years of boyish life for the privilege of admission to the pursuit of other studies. Science should not be neglected; neither should art. The mind should be free to take its bent; the genius free to develop in whatever direction God meant it to blossom and bear fruit, untrammelled by the pedantries of a literary class or the superstitions of mediæval ignorance. Free scope should be given for the development of all tastes and all talents; the narrow sectarianism which hampers and belittles our colleges should be banished, and opportunity given for the search after all truth and the free utterance of all opinions.

We believe that in the education of rich men's sons the fact should be distinctly recognized that they are to inherit property: that they should be taught that while this frees them from some of the burdens and cares of life, it does not free them from responsibility, but brings with it duties and privileges which they must by a suitable education prepare themselves to fulfil if they are to have any true happiness: that while they need not, and, perhaps, had better not, devote themselves to the pursuit of any bread-earning profession, there are walks of usefulness and honor which they can make peculiarly their own, from which men are debarred who have to earn their living. They can be scholars, and devote themselves to many unremunerative, but yet intensely interesting, branches of learning: they can be men of science, and by the opportunities which leisure and wealth combined can furnish, they can explore new regions, pursue new investigations, from which the poor toilers for bread are wholly excluded. They can cultivate a taste for art, and whether as artists, or students and patrons, can do something to relieve our American life from the reproach of a sordid devotion to low aims, and a vulgar indifference to the beautiful. And again, they have it in their power to do much — and the talents and tastes of many would lie in that direction — to promote and dignify the mechanic arts, to which this country owes, and is to owe, so much of its greatness. We say their talents would lie in that direction, — we mean if we did not so foolishly and stupidly stifle such talents before they have a chance to develop.

Even now we have among our educated men many honourable examples of the course we are advocating. One of the great sculptors of this generation is an American who has devoted himself to the laborious pursuit of art, when he might, if he had so chosen,

have led as frivolous a life as that of any of our club loungers. We could name more than one American scholar who has devoted himself to the history of his own or other countries, and honored American literature by the production of excellent works, with small hope of pecuniary compensation. One of the most elegant and costly of recent works on art, a work profusely illustrated with the author's own admirable drawings, is the production of a young American of wealth and leisure; and a noble and costly volume upon natural science, one of the first fruits of our Cambridge Museum, is the work of another. We could name more than one private laboratory, equipped with all the appliances of modern science, where conscientious scientific work is done that would do honor to any professor. And we know at least of one business man of wealth who employs his leisure in studying the small things of nature with one of the most costly and splendidly equipped microscopes that modern science can furnish.

Perhaps our readers will wonder why we do not enumerate politics as among the resources and probable careers open to rich men's sons. Politics are certainly open to them in common with, and on the same terms as to their fellow citizens; but we do not see any special prospect for them in that direction. Let them, by all means, as good citizens, become thoroughly acquainted with the working of their own political institutions; let them be ready to enlighten their fellow countrymen by their knowledge of the history of other times and nations; but let them not forget that this is, and we trust it will always remain a government of the people by the people. We do not want a class of politicians by profession. The sturdy, practical sense of the mass of plain men who earn their living by the sweat of their brow is what, after all, is to be depended on for the real government of the country. Let our rich men's sons become good republicans, and good citizens; but let them modestly take their place along with their fellow citizens, and not arrogate to themselves any superior position by virtue either of their wealth or their culture. If they do, they will be doomed to disappointment: for that best of all educations which God can give, has been denied them, the education which comes of a hard struggle with the stern realities of life, the education of the man who has fairly conquered his own position.

[Ed.

From The Spectator, July 28.

## PEACE AND ITS PROBABLE FRUIT.

THERE are new players coming into this German game whose action deserves to be attentively studied. A truce has been proclaimed for the moment, and it is quite possible that it may be followed by a peace, but that in its turn will be but the prelude to very serious work. The Kaiser, it would seem evident, has at last convinced himself that unless he can inflict a great defeat on Prussia it is useless for him to remain within the Confederation, and that of such a result he has little or no chance. His agents are making immense parade of the forces collected around Vienna, but the Kaiser, we suspect, does not share the confidence he so strenuously tries to diffuse. There is a great army before Vienna, but in it are not above one hundred thousand Germans, the only race on whom he can rely for the necessary stubbornness; the strength of Florisdorf is partially useless, for — we write on the assurance of competent military opinion — the Prussians need not attack the entrenchments. Of the whole army but 60,000 are men who have not been beaten, and if this army receives one blow, there are no resources on which to fall back for aid. There is no other army, or possibility of creating one. The systematized falsehoods circulated by the Austrian officials have still their effect in Europe, but close observation shows that the army never attained more than half its number on paper, and the recruiting grounds are closing fast. Bohemia is lost, and Moravia; Galicia detests the conscription; the Tyrol is hardly pressed to resist the Italian advance, Hungary, with Prince Charles at Presburg, refuses to stir until her demands are satisfied; and, worse than all, the people of the Hereditary States, the old and faithful friends of the Imperial House, begin to doubt if the dynasty is worth the horrors which must follow a Peasant War. The Viennese have already compelled their Kaiser to recall an order already issued for a *levée en masse*, the Styrians have demanded new Ministers and been curtly rebuked for their pains, and the people of the Archduchy are muttering that the army, to which all has been sacrificed, ought at least to have been efficient, and have just been subjected to martial law. If the Kaiser plays the next throw, his stake is no less than his throne, and the Hapsburgs' merits and vices have never been those of gamblers. At the same moment the Prussian counsels, under the personal influence of the King, have become

strangely moderate. The exclusion of Austria remains still the one *sine qua non*, but the King consents that the Southern States shall if they please join themselves with Austria into a new Confederation. The petty kings shall be restored at least to nominal thrones, and Prussia contents herself with absorbing the three millions of people inhabiting the territory between the two halves of her empire, and the Elbe Duchies which formed the occasion of war. Should these terms be accepted, Prussia will emerge from the war with a population of twenty-two millions, a territory unbroken by enclaves, a splendid reputation for vigour, and a protecting control over Germany down to the Main. She will be immensely aggrandized, but Germany will not be constituted, will be in fact further off from constitution than ever. The South will be flung violently towards Austria, and the two sections will either struggle towards a renewal of unity, thus perpetuating the unrest of Europe, or, becoming content with their lot, march on as separate empires towards differing ends and civilizations which every year will drift more widely apart. That second result would please Europe, which still looks with dread upon the prospect of a united Germany, and would greatly delight Frenchmen, to whom federalism has always seemed but another name for weakness, but it is almost intolerable to Germans, and is not satisfactory even to Count von Bismark.

The latter might for once be defeated, for, valuable as his services have been, the King has proved upon certain points immovable, and the Royal family is well aware how immensely the recent victories, achieved with Princes for commanders-in-chief, have increased its popularity with the people. But behind Count von Bismark is marching up another and greater power, hitherto torpid or fettered, but if roused almost irresistible — universal German opinion. The fluid desire for unity is solidifying under the heat of affairs into a passionate crave. Rapid as has been the course of events, there has been time enough for Germans to get rid of many prejudices and imbibe some new convictions. They are rid, in the first place, for ever of an idea so strong that it blinded even the keen Saxon Minister Baron von Beust, that a federation may be made as effective for war as a single homogeneous kingdom. They see what before they doubted, that the organization of Prussia is one of the strongest in the world, that its pedantry is the result not of affectation but of overmuch care for exactness, that its stiffness springs from strength,



that its arrogance had a justification. They hear what before they disbelieved, that Austria is not truly German, that she was willing to call in France against Germans rather than renounce her German prestige. No event of the war has produced so profound a sensation, especially in the South, as the cession of Venetia to France, as hire — so the Germans believe — for Napoleon's armed mediation, a cession followed up by the astounding announcement inserted in the *Vienna Gazette*, "it is the will of the Emperor Napoleon that Austria should remain in the German Confederation." This, then, said men openly in Munich and Stuttgart, and Baden and Nassau, and whispers in Vienna, is the end of the Hapsburgs' long struggle to regain their old Imperial Crown, of their long assumption to be the protectors of Southern independence. We are to be driven out of Germany and to be governed by Slavons, or to avowedly be dependent on the "will" of a foreign Sovereign. Better the Hohenzollerns than the Magyars or the Bonapartes. And so in every quarter the possibility of a real unity begins to be discussed, and from every side comes up the demand that the Hohenzollerns should press on to the logical end. The Elbe Duchies were first to accept the inevitable, and demand what they have so long opposed — total fusion with Prussia, Schleswig leading the way with an outspoken address. The Baden Liberals expressed through Baron von Roggenbach, though guardedly, the same aspiration. The Hessians became as Prussian as if they had been already annexed; East Friesland, a province of Hanover, supposed by the poor King to be sorrowing over his fate, demanded "annexation to Prussia;" Nassau sent up its merchants to the King's camp to pray for the same boon; Wurtembergers objected to continue a war which had become meaningless since Prussia represented Germany; Bavarian journals cried loudly that they must be either Prussian or French, and preferred to be Prussian; and even the Saxons whose brothers are fighting in Austrian ranks have published a bold address which means, "Rid us, for God's sake! of our Kings." If Germany outside Austria were to be polled to-morrow five-sixths of its States would be fused into one, of which the Hohenzollerns would be Emperors or Kings, and Germany is to be polled. After the peace the Parliament. The Convention, to give it its true name, which will meet about the first week in September, is to be elected by universal suffrage, one member sitting for every 100,000 souls, and it is distinctly promised in the ultimatum

submitted to Hanover that it shall have absolute power for the solution of all German questions. In that assembly, from which Austria will be excluded, born Prussians and Holsteiners will have together a direct working majority, and the "fusionist" representatives will vote with them, if only to escape the certain vengeance of the Princelings if they are restored. There will therefore be, we imagine, but two great parties in the assembly, those who desire to unite either all Germany, or at all events North Germany, absolutely — securing in the second case hegemony over the South — and those who insist that constitutional guarantees shall precede the fusion. With the latter it is at least possible, in our judgment it is most probable, that Count von Bismark may make some endurable compromise. The King's one *sine qua non*, the organization of the army, is secured, for Prussians certainly will not injure the instrument with which they have won so much, and with the prestige of victory surrounding him like a halo, Count von Bismark's proposals will be received in a very different spirit from that which prevails in the Prussian Chamber, where he has given such deadly offence. Most of the members of the Convention will be new men, the Prussian representatives sitting at the same time in their own Parliament, and a compromise on the basis of fusion in return for a free budget is certainly not beyond the range of possibilities. But the King? The King is a kindly man when his own caste are concerned, most unwilling to degrade "Sovereigns" who, like John of Saxony, have been his friends, but to take property and to accept it from legal authority are widely different things. The Convention of Germany can lawfully define the range of the German Emperor's direct authority, and a law making it coterminous with North Germany or all Germany will be no more a violation of right than the Act which abolished the "heritable jurisdictions" north of the Highland line was a violation of right. As to the interference of which the chancelleries are so fond of talking, from France, or Russia, or the moon, there is one single point upon which German opinion is already unanimous. It will settle its own affairs independently of the foreigner, and against a United Germany, armed with the needle gun, controlled by Prussian officers, and guided by Count von Moltke, France and Russia together would be powerful only for temporary mischief. A guarantee of ten words from the Emperor of Germany would call Poland and Finland to arms,

ample occupation for Russian troops, and Napoleon will not risk his throne by throwing himself alone across the path of the most powerful nation in Europe just as it has risen to the revolutionary height. The King of Prussia is the only obstacle to a united Germany, and the King, slowly awakening to his mighty position as Emperor by the will of God and the right of fact, may be enlightened to accept what, it may be, he could never have been induced to seize. "He will be Cæsar then," say Liberals, half appalled by the magnitude of the changes going on around. It is not time just yet to discuss that question, but we may point to one fact which has some little bearing on that fear, and is too often forgotten. Cæsars are not made by their ministers, and the Emperor of Germany will not be Count von Bismark, but a kindly, obstinate, honest, old German, who thinks he has divine rights in Prussia, but can by no possibility extend them over that half of his new dominion, in which he will feel as long as he lives that, but for the people's sanction, he would be an usurper.

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From The Spectator, July 28.

## AUSTRIA AND ENGLAND.

THE sudden fall of the Austrian Empire, a fall which appears for the moment to be alike complete and irremediable, has gravely alarmed those who perceive in how many points England resembles Austria. Like her, we are governed by an aristocracy which has never educated the people, and does not at heart wish to educate them; like her, we are apt to be unprepared and slow of preparation when the hour of danger draws near; and like her, our organization depends for success too much upon individual capacity. With a dictator competent to use all her enormous resources Austria would have come victoriously out of this struggle, as we should also out of any conflict, granted the same datum. But without the dictator? — The *Pall Mall Gazette* in its issue of Wednesday gave expression to a fear entertained by many who thoroughly understand both our resources and our weakness, who do not believe that half-trained volunteers could meet an army like the Prussian, unless indeed commanded by a genius, without imminent risk of destruction, and who fear that were the command

of the sea once lost, such meeting might be more possible than we in our insular vanity conceive. It is good for the country that journals should be found able to rebuke English spread-eagleism in this style, even though it is a little exaggerated, and it is rather from a desire that the whole truth should be stated, than from a wish to complain of a half-truth, that we try to put down clearly the facts upon the other side. The argument to be answered is simple. It is asserted that England, though positively as strong perhaps as ever she has yet been, is comparatively weaker, is declining in relative weight, the only standard nations can ever use. The tendency of the world, its marked, — though it may be, as all Comtists affirm, its momentary — tendency, is towards the aggregation of races. The little States compared with which we were recently so strong are dying out, and are replaced by military monarchies with resources almost as great as our own, armies infinitely greater than our own, and an organization in presence of which our own seems to the spectator feeble and inefficient. We were infinitely stronger than any kingdom in Italy, but the kingdom of Italy may interfere seriously with our policy in the East; we could despise any State in Germany, but as against Germany united we are as powerless as a bulldog against behemoth. So great is the change, that the vote of England, which only fifty years ago outweighed that of two first-class powers, is now only asked in Congress out of courtesy, and should France and Prussia, for instance, unite, we could not prevent, we could scarcely even delay, the absorption of a kingdom we are almost pledged to protect.

It is perfectly true, most of all this, so long as the nation remains in its present mood, without a policy or a desire, but it is, we contend, in a temporary mental paralysis, and not in any failure of strength, that the change consists. This country is not the weaker because Germany has organized itself after a more efficient fashion, on the contrary, it is the stronger, both because the new Germany is a possible ally against the only State near enough to be dangerous, and because the new Germany being sure to become a maritime power, will come within the range in which we are willing to act. Once she has forts and fleets and commerce, Germany is assailable by a maritime power, a risk from which she is at present almost wholly — for serious purposes wholly — exempted by her geographical position. The incident of the year is no injury to Great Britain, and on the general ques-

tion there exists danger of gross exaggeration. No State in Europe has risen so high as to contain the elements of strength in much greater measure than ourselves, none exceed us unbearably in population, or wealth, or position, or any one point except the education necessary to swift popular action. That no doubt is a great exception, but it applies only to Prussia, and we do not despair even yet of crushing the theological opposition which alone impedes the establishment of a perfect system of parish and county schools. The Continent is being divided into portions containing about thirty millions each, and we are thirty millions, and increase faster than they. Austria, we are told, which after excluding dead-weight provinces possesses that population, was destroyed in a week, and so may we be, but the analogy is but assumed. Were Austria a State, even now she would not be destroyed. Were her population only willing, if Hungarians, and Germans, and Poles, and Slavs hurried up to keep her alive, she would not even now submit, might, in many acute judgments would, still recover her ground. Our thirty millions would hurry up. If the national spirit is gone the empire of course is gone too, but where are the proofs of that in a country which alone in Europe still gets soldiers without compulsion, alone in Europe can find men for tropical service equal to its entire home army, alone in Europe sees an unpaid national guard outnumber its paid army, alone in Europe has more sailors in merchantmen and men-of-war afloat than its whole military force? So far from the population becoming unpatriotic, it is steeped in a content so lazy that the destruction of a few park palings by a mob is a phenomenon which absorbs the attention given in Continental States to a battle, and the only internal question hotly disputed is whether there is or is not a desire for any change whatsoever. The North was just in that mood when the first shot was fired at Sumter, and within four years was acknowledged to be among the great powers of earth, perhaps the very greatest; compelled France under a Bonaparte to give up a cherished dream in the hour of its realization, made England audibly sigh a regret that one of her greatest possessions should march with the frontier of the half-despised Republic. Will the *Pall Mall Gazette* affirm that the Union is weak, and what does the Union possess which England cannot afford? Literally nothing, except a population educated enough to be conscious of its powers.

But we are reminded of time. Wars, it

is said, are so rapid, that a week may destroy a nation. Well we also believe that if an enemy could land in England, with our small army and half-disciplined volunteer force, with no generals worth naming — Lord Strathnairn, the best known among them, has seen but one modern campaign against a civilized foe, — with a Commander-in-Chief chosen by birth, with statesmen all over sixty, and with no means of organizing rapidly the patriotic willingness of the people, England might come to very serious trouble. The march from Hastings to London would not be a very severe task for an army such as that which obeys the Crown Prince of Prussia, and "resources" we willingly admit are useless unless at hand. But we contend some time must be granted, if only we have the sense to keep our fleet up to its ancient mark, — that of first among the fleets of the world, and the time required would be small. In the hour of danger the habits, and traditions, and prejudices, and withes of system which swathe English life till it gasps as if about to expire drop from about it like burnt flax, and men like Indian civilians, bureaucrats to the core, stand out in an hour fit to sit on a Committee of Public Safety, men who have swallowed formulas, and will shed blood like water rather than yield an inch. The "liberty" which is supposed to hamper us is a faculty capable of being suspended, or a want that can be very quickly filled up. It would be impossible perhaps to-day to shoot a volunteer for any conceivable offence; an hour after an enemy landed he might be shot for having a button awry. It would be impossible in India now to make a general out of a major. We made one during the mutiny out of a lieutenant, and a captain of artillery held the Viceroy's commission in his pocket — to be used if Lord Canning died. Parliament itself perhaps could scarcely remove the Duke of Cambridge now. It would not take much to hang him if he lost a battle in Sussex. Our lethargy is from plethora, not starvation, from the total absence of that feeling of fear which Continental peoples, who are divided from enemies by a river, and whose fathers remember to have seen horses stabled in their cathedrals, never lose; from a flabbiness of mind which long rest produces in nations as well as men. All that is needed is an organization democratic in its best sense, an organization, that is, by which the genuine strength of the nation can, in the hour of need, be brought easily into play.

We do not say we have it. We are sadly conscious that we have it not, that we are

gyved and bound by prosperity, and habit, and the ignorance of the masses. But we can have it if we will, and that is what we conceive the *Pall Mall Gazette* implicitly to deny. We can if we please recognize the truth taught us by two great wars — the American and the German, — that it does not take years but months to make a man a soldier, that long service is waste, not gain, that a man trained for three years may be sent home for ten, and step out in the eleventh a better soldier than his comrade just finishing his time. That single fact, when we see it, will settle half our difficulties of recruiting. We can if we choose remedy the absurd system under which the whole population, however willing, is refused admittance into the ranks unless it will bind itself to a slavery of ten years, can make soldiery a trade to be pursued or quitted at will, like work in a dockyard or an engine-room. We can if we will perfect the volunteer system, and link the militia scheme fairly to it, providing the volunteers with trained cadres till we have a permanent home army of 300,000 men, equal to at least three battles with any invading force which modern science could by any possibility land upon our shores, an army capable at any notice of expansion till it rivalled in numbers at all events and spirit any army on earth. Whether we shall do any one of these things before the serious alarm arrives to shake us out of our lethargy we do not know; if we are governed by old men chosen because of their acres and their pedigrees probably not, but we can do them, and do them very fast. The "Empire," as the *Pall Mall Gazette* says, that is, our vast possessions in every sea, may be a source only of weakness, but the national strength is unimpaired even by comparison with the new forces around us, the national character is unchanged, the national spirit is undiminished, and we need but the organization which shall bring the system we have to work into harmony with the new needs of the people who have to work it. A democratic English army would be the most formidable enemy with which the Continent ever had to contend, and an army democratic in all essentials, which it is easy to join, and easy to leave, and easy to rise in, an army lax in points as the volunteers, stern in discipline as the strictest regiment of Prussian regulars, should now be our ideal. Had we defended Denmark, as we advised, we should have had such an army, though after a catastrophe we certainly did not foresee. The first army despatched would have been destroyed, and then the fetters of custom, old

generals, double responsibility, royal commanders-in-chief, long terms of service, closed careers, all that prevents the most martial people in Europe from being one of the most powerful, would have dropped off like tow. We cannot interfere on the Continent, says the *Gazette*, and the men who said it under Charles II. believed it at least as fully, and were right while the torpor lasted and the Stuarts reigned. Then we had Marlborough, and the Continent found, as once in a hundred years it always does find, that the powerlessness of Great Britain is not death, but sleep. If before the great hour arrives we can but educate every Englishman as every Prussian is educated, till he understands why discipline is required and the cause for which he is asked to fight, the awakening will be a rough one, and less easily forgotten than those which have gone before. Even now, though our organization is clogged with prejudices, though we distrust ourselves to such an extent that a free army, an army in which a private can resign like an English officer or an Indian sepoy, seems to old officers a mad dream, we can place a force of eighty thousand men on any point accessible by sea, and keep them there in full and incessantly renewed activity if need be for twenty years. The nation which can do that, or twice that, the day it earnestly wills to do it, is not a feeble nation, save in the wise abstinence from that central compulsion which on the Continent is a substitute for a national resolution. It is flabbiness of will, not feebleness of sinew, from which our country suffers.

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From the Spectator, 28th July.

#### THE MARCH TO VIENNA.

THE march of the Prussian armies from the Elbe to the Danube is not the least remarkable of their exploits in this campaign; for it has been conducted with that steadiness, forethought, and boldness which have marked all their proceedings from the outset of the war. They have now halted within sight of Vienna and Presburg, and whatever may be the feelings of the statesmen in the King's camp, to the soldiers it must be a painful disappointment that the politicians have struck in and balked them of the object of their painful toils.

After his rout on the Bistritz, the broken host of General Benedek hastened to the

entrenched camp of Olmutz, in Moravia. There he may have hoped that time would be allowed him to reorganize his army, obtain reinforcements from Vienna, and devise a defensive plan. But if he did so hope, he was doomed to see his hopes frustrated. Nor was this surprising. For his enemies were far more numerous than he; they had established a complete moral and physical superiority over him, and it was not likely that they would linger on the Elbe and let the fruits of victory slip from their grasp. That victory had given them possession of the valley of the Elbe between Königgrätz and Thieriesenstadt, and their first step, after crossing the river, was to secure Prague. The object of this was to obtain command of the railway which from Pardubitz runs to Prague, and thence by a branch line to Turnau, and so on to Saxony. The need for a railway was great, since without it the army would not be able to move with that rapidity essential to great success. Halting on the Elbe near Pardubitz, the Prussian Generals had to determine their future course. They had to consider not only the enemy at Olmutz, but the fortresses in their rear; for the Austrian garrisons in Königgrätz and Josephstadt stood fast, and not only blocked up the short line of communication by Jaromirz to Turnau, but threatened the longer line. Therefore a division had to be left to watch these fortresses and secure Pardubitz, the vital point in the Prussian line of railway communication. The rear having been made secure, the question was how to deal with the adverse army in Olmutz, the sole obstacle between the Prussians and Vienna. That question was soon decided. The Prussian army might have been directed on Olmutz, in the hope of surrounding and capturing the troops there. A wiser and more effective course was resolved on. A glance at the map will show that Olmutz lies off to the eastward of the direct route to Vienna by Brünn. The railway which connects it with Vienna sweeps through Eastern Moravia, whereas the railway from Böhm Trubau to Vienna goes straight south through Brünn. Now, if the Prussians could reach Brünn they would be nearer to Vienna than the Austrians in Olmutz, and a couple of marches would carry them on to the very line which connected the army with the capital. It was therefore determined to direct the bulk of the army on the Austrian line of communications, and to prevent the Austrians from attempting to assail the Prussian line by interposing the left wing, under the

Crown Prince, between Olmutz and the main body. The object of the comprehensive movement determined on was to compel Benedek to retreat, and to harass his retreat or to force him to capitulate.

In order to accomplish this, the Prussian army on the 6th of July started forward in three main columns, each column breaking up into smaller streams, and the whole covering a front of nearly fifty miles. The left column, under the Crown Prince, followed the railway from Pardubitz to Olmutz, as far as Böhm Trubau, where it turned in a southerly direction towards Mährish Trubau and Tynau, that is, in the direction of Olmutz, its right marching by Hohenmauth and Leutomischl upon Zwittau. With this column the King began his journey towards Vienna, but he subsequently quitted it for the central body. This, starting from Przelautsch on the Elbe, went by Hermanmestetz and Chrast upon Richenburg, and thence to Neustadt. The marches of the main columns were kept tolerably equal by the use of the field telegraph, so that each commander was aware every day of the position occupied by the troops on his right or left, and also of the kind of resistance, if any, encountered on the road. The right column, under Von Bittenfeld, appears to have crossed the Elbe at Teinetz, and to have pushed along by Czaslau upon Iglau and Znaim. Of this column, however, we have no precise accounts, and only know that it performed the task allotted to it, and debouched on the Danube simultaneously with the other corps. But the course of Prince Charles is exactly known. In six marches, not without some sharp cavalry fights, he reached Brünn, that is, his troops passed over upwards of a hundred miles in six days, and yet arrived at the capital of Moravia stout and fresh and in admirable order. In the cavalry actions the Austrians behaved with their wonted valour, but the weight of the Prussians told against them in the charge and the fight hand-to-hand. In one case the Prussian advanced guard showed that the breech loading carbine may enable a small number of steady horsemen to keep in check much larger forces. There were no infantry combats. The troops pressed continuously on, well covered by skirmishers and well served by patrols. The people of the country showed no sort of animosity to the invaders, and it is claimed for the latter that they were exceedingly well behaved. Indeed, judging from the descriptions we have of them, we are forced to the conclusion that this Prus-



sian army is one of the most powerful armies, morally and physically, that ever took the field. The troops have shown that they can march as well as fight, and march and fight on occasion with scant fare. In the main, however, they have been amply supplied, and the accounts of the transport and commissariat which reach us from private as well as public sources prove that few, if any, armies were ever so well served. Nor was this an easy matter. The troops of Prince Charles and Von Bittenfeld were not aided by the railways, the latter not at all, the former not until they entered Brünn, for their routes lay along the country roads, and they had to depend upon their own waggons for all supplies not to be gathered up in the country.

When Prince Charles reached Brünn on the 12th he halted, partly to rest his troops, but also to give the Crown Prince, whom, being on the shorter line, he had out-marched, time to bring up his troops. At this time, when the centre was in Brünn, the left was near Prödlitz, on the high road from Brünn to Olmutz, while the right was between Iglau and Budwitz. It was during this halt of the centre that the Austrians sent in a flag of truce to obtain an armistice, expressly to prevent the Prussians from reaching Lundenburg and mastering the line of the Thaya, which gave them an entrance into Lower Austria. This diplomatic move having failed, the troops resumed their march, Prince Charles reaching Medritz on the 15th and Pawlowitz on the 16th, and the Crown Prince on the former day having fallen upon and defeated at Tobitschau the Austrian brigades covering Prerau, the point where the line from Ratibor by Oderburg runs into the Olmutz-Vienna line. This victory gave Prerau to the Crown Prince two days afterwards, and with it a railway line of communication to Silesia; only it is fair to assume that the Austrians had destroyed at least parts of it. Before the Crown Prince made a lodgment at Prerau, the left column of the centre army had on the 16th struck the Olmutz-Vienna line at Göding, and on the 17th Lundenburg was reached by Prince Charles, who fixed his head-quarters at Feldsberg, south of the Thaya. Thus nearly at the same moment the left and centre got upon the neck of the northern lines from Vienna, and seized the great roads on each bank of the March. For Prince Charles, learning that Benedek had crossed the Carpathians into Hungary, intent on reaching Presburg, pushed a column over the March from Göding upon Holitsch, and sent it along the

high road to Presburg, with the view of forcing Benedek to make a détour on Komorn down the valley of the Waag. As the troops in Olmutz were diminished, the Crown Prince was able to reinforce the central column, a proceeding all the more necessary as the Prussians approached Vienna. Three days' marching brought the bulk of the Prussian army within fifteen miles of Vienna. Prince Charles had advanced by Hohenau upon Genserndorf, where the line to Presburg breaks away from the Olmutz line; General von Bittenfeld had, on approaching the Danube, moved on to the Nikolsburg road, and the left columns were close to Presburg. On the 22nd these columns encountered the Austrians, and were, according to their account, driving them out of Presburg, when the news that a suspension of hostilities had been agreed to stopped the conflict. This was a piece of great luck for the Austrians, as it saved Presburg. The Prussian line of occupation, we are left to suppose, runs from Slampfen, on the left, across the northern fringe of the Marchfeld to Wolkersdorf, on the right. This position was not altogether without its perils. The front indeed covered all the lines to the rear, and threatened the lines of the enemy, but the left flank appears to be dangerously exposed to an attack from Hungary. Moreover, we are not to forget, although they may count for little, that the Prussians have left no fewer than six fortresses in their rear, Olmutz, on the flank of their great line of retreat, Josephstadt and Königgrätz, barring the shortest railway road to Saxony and Silesia; Theresienstadt and Königstein, literally blocking up the Elbe and Elbe railway below Prague; and finally, Cracow, which, though distant from the scene of actual operations, must not be left out of consideration. On the other hand, the morale of the Prussian army is so transcendently high, its numbers and physical weight so overpowering, that a military position apparently very hazardous is not so in reality. The Prussians have before them an army partly composed of beaten troops and partly of victors on another field, but behind that army there is no fierce and dogged nation, ready to die for its independence. The earthworks and the cannon of Florisdorf and the Bisamberg are no doubt formidable, but they need not be attacked when they can be turned, and no earthworks or cannon are so formidable as a nation in deadly earnest. This there is not at Vienna or elsewhere. There is a shaken army, a bewildered government, a

discontented people, and if the war were renewed to-morrow the Prussians would resume the offensive, and solve the big problem of crossing the Danube, as they solved the problem of crossing the mountains of Saxony and Silesia.

From the Spectator.

#### THE "RAILWAY SPINE." \*

It is not often that a strictly medical book is reviewed in our pages. Such work is better done as a rule in professional columns, and is, moreover, if well done, of all analysis that which is furthest removed from the sympathies of ordinary readers. They either trust or distrust the profession, but in neither case do they pretend to understand its reasoning, — if they told truth, would acknowledge that they did not fully comprehend its terminology. In the present instance, however, a surgeon of great repute and an experience exceptionally extensive, whose books are quoted by the profession like case-books by the Bar, as if they terminated discussion, has given us, in a form which, though strictly professional, is nevertheless intelligible, a careful opinion upon a point interesting to every member of the community. We do not all get diseases with long names, and, of the few ailments which even the healthy fear, the majority occur but once in a life-time, but we all ride on railways, many of us every day, and are all therefore interested in the liabilities of railway passengers and railway medical jurisprudence. The system of compensation, for example, which now forms the sole check on railway carelessness and greed, is, with one exception, as simple in its working as any other section of the great scheme of law, under which justice and medicine are inextricably commingled, lawyers having to do such justice as medical testimony will warrant, but then this exception is a large one. If anybody is visibly hurt in a railway accident, he is entitled to compensation. If his leg is broken, for instance, he gets the value of his leg, as far as a special jury can arrive at an approximate price for the value of that limb to him. But suppose the hurt is invisible? Suppose, that is to say, that the hurt is of a kind which does not immediately appear,

and which, when it does appear, can only be traced back to its source by a surgeon who is of somewhat unusual experience, and who, moreover, has in him the particular quality — we say it is a quality, despite the protests of the profession, — which enables him to comprehend and, as it were, to follow nervous disturbance. How then? Incompetent surgeons will contradict one another, to the bewilderment of lawyers. No inconsiderable number even of competent surgeons will hesitate in their testimony, not from ignorance or even scientific scrupulousness, but from a well founded doubt whether they can by any testimony whatever inspire a jury with the conviction so certain to their own minds. The average jurymen doubts very much whether it is possible for an accident to have consequences unseen at the time, which can yet after the lapse of six months be clearly traced back to a special cause, and which are not the results of "nervousness" in the popular acceptance of that term, but of nervous injury.

Mr. Erichsen has set himself to remove that doubt. In a very little book, wonderfully lucid in phrase, and packed with illustrations till it gives one a feeling that the pudding would be the richer for fewer plums, he shows that there are forms of injury which are worse than fractures, injuring the mind as well as the body, which reveal themselves after an interval, and which are especially common in railway accidents, so common that they have obtained a slang name in the profession, as if they could be produced only by railway collisions. These injuries are all in reality spinal, and may be due to any violent shock to the spinal cord, though as a matter of practice they are due most frequently to such shocks when received in a railway collision. A passenger who happens to be present in an accident of that kind frequently gets out with his limbs whole, his body unbruised, and his mind unconscious of any suffering beyond a general weakness and confusion, which he sets down vaguely to "a shock" to the system, while his friends charitably attribute it to excessive fright. By and by, however, he finds, and they find, that "he is not the man he was," he "has lost bodily energy, mental capacity, business aptitude," he becomes ill and irritable, grows pallid, loses his memory, finds his sleep disturbed, frets about the state of his eyes, loses his acuteness of touch, and finally displays all the symptoms of paralysis. He has in fact received a concussion of the spine, which has shaken nervous force out of him in a

\* *Railway Injuries.* By John Eric Erichsen. London: Walton and Maberley.

mode which Mr. Erichsen does not pretend to explain, but which he illustrates by a curiously felicitous analogy. "How these Jars, Shakes, Shocks, or Concussions of the Spinal Cord directly influence its action I cannot say with certainty. We do not know how it is that when a magnet is struck a heavy blow with a hammer, the magnetic force is jarred, shaken, or concussed out of the horse-shoe. But we know that it is so, and that the iron has lost its magnetic power. So, if the spine is badly jarred, shaken, or concussed by a blow or shock of any kind communicated to the body, we find that the nervous force is to a certain extent shaken out of the man, and that he has in some way lost nervous power. What immediate change, if any, has taken place in the nervous structure to occasion that effect, we no more know than what change happens to a magnet when struck. But we know that a change has taken place in the action of the nervous system, just as we do in the action of the iron by the change that is induced in the loss of its magnetic force." The cause of the injury must remain unknown until at least we have discovered the secret of nervous force, which will probably be postponed yet awhile, say till we have found out the reason for life and for the dwindling away of life, but the *modus operandi* is clear. Mr. Erichsen has examined a good many spines so affected, and studied the reported phenomena of a good many more, and he decides that the proximate cause of injury is always in one form or another inflammation of the spinal cord, sometimes showing itself in a softening of the substance of the cord, a melting of the marrow as it were, to use ordinary and therefore inaccurate English; "sometimes the nervous substance becomes indurated, increased in bulk, more solid than natural, and of a boiled-white colour, like white of egg;" sometimes the vessels become turgid with blood, or there is a great effusion of blood upon the membranes of the cord; of all which results Mr. Erichsen quotes either from his own experience, or that of other surgeons of the highest scientific trustworthiness, numerous and very horrible instances. The symptoms of those injuries "are more or less cerebral disturbance or irritation, as indicated by a headache, confusion of thought, loss of memory, disturbance of the organs of sense, irritability of the eyes and ears, &c., symptoms, in fact, referable to subacute cerebral meningitis and arachnitis;" or "pain at one or more points of the spine, greatly increased on pressure and on movement of any kind, so as to occasion extreme

rigidity of the vertebral column;" or "painful sensations along the course of the nerves, followed by more or less numbness, tingling, and creeping, some loss of motor power affecting one or more of the limbs, and giving rise to peculiarity and unsteadiness of gait." Death may be postponed for weeks, months, or even years,—Mr. Erichsen has known cases of the latter—but it is observable that in such cases of concussion there is never any real intermission of the symptoms. They may remit, or the patient may fancy they remit, but they never entirely disappear, and usually the patient's health bodily and mental declines progressively, the best guide to the surgeon who may mistake spinal concussion for hysteria, that most intermittent of diseases. The chances of complete recovery in such cases are very small, though the patient may live, "and for this reason,—that as the injury is not sufficient of itself to produce a direct and immediate lesion of the cord, any symptoms that develop themselves must be the result of structural changes taking place in it as the consequence of its inflammation, and these secondary structural changes being incurable, must, to a greater or less degree, but permanently, injuriously influence its action." "I have never known a patient to recover completely and entirely, so as to be in the same state of health that he enjoyed before the accident, in whom the symptoms dependent on chronic inflammation of the cord and its membranes, and on their consecutive structural lesions, had existed for twelve months. And though, as Ollivier has observed, such a patient may live for fifteen or twenty years in a broken state of health, the probability is that he will die within three or four. There is no structure of the body in which an organic lesion is recovered from with so much difficulty and with so great a tendency to resulting impairment of function as that of the spinal cord and brain. And, with the exception probably of the eye, there is no part of the body in which a slight permanent change of structure produces such serious disturbance of function as in the spinal cord." Recovery being so improbable, treatment of course becomes difficult, and Mr. Erichsen's rules may almost be summed up in three orders, one of which at least is strictly opposed to ordinary practice. Absolute rest to the body, to the exclusion of those changes of air and scene which are so often recommended, and are in such cases so illusory or injurious, absolute rest for the mind, and at a later stage counter-irritation locally applied or the use of powerful

drugs, such as bichloride of mercury and strychnine, which let no man touch except under very trustworthy medical direction.

Mr. Erichsen is very careful to show that concussion of the spine is not an accident peculiar to railways, so that the phrase "railway spine" commonly employed in the profession is a misdescription. Concussion may arise from a fall, or a blow, or a wound, or any other accident of ordinary civil or military life. Still, as hundreds of thousands travel by railway for one who runs any other risk, and while so travelling are exposed to an exceptional series of liabilities, it is not unnatural that spinal concussion should come to be regarded as a "railway disease," more especially while there exists so profound a popular belief—which we wish Mr. Erichsen had noticed—that railway travelling in itself, and without the occurrence of any noticeable accident, produces mild concussions, unfelt by the strong and fat, but most dangerous to the nervous and the thin. In any case it is certain that railway accidents have about them this additional horror, that they alone among frequently recurring risks endanger the mind as well as the body, a fact which Mr. Erichsen brings out with a startling force that ought to send his work into the office of every railway director, manager, and working official. Given a careless pointsman and a full train, and part of the quotient will be so many minds destroyed, a fact which, once established, will, we suspect, have a serious effect on dividends, and consequently on the carefulness exhibited in railway management.

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From the Spectator.

#### THE ORATORICAL YEAR-BOOK.\*

THIS book is an exceedingly good and useful one in conception, and on the whole, we think, well executed in detail. A collection of the great speeches of the year really forms a kind of book of reference to the year, and what is more a book of reference of a peculiarly manageable kind, in which the central points of interest are sufficiently few and marked, and yet sufficiently supplied with fresh clues to the further illustra-

\* *The Oratorical Year-Book for 1865, being a Selection of the Best Contemporary Speeches Delivered in Parliament, at the Bar, and on the Platform.* Arranged and edited by A. Henry Hill, L.L.B. London: Frederick Warne and Co. 1865.

tion of any one point under consideration, to be of far more service than in proportion to its bulk. For example, if we read in this volume any one of the great speeches on the defence of Canada or on the condition of Ireland, we shall find in it a mass of miscellaneous reference to other fresh sources of information on the same subject. The editor, however, is certainly not right in including speeches delivered at the Bar, not only because they spoil the character of his book as a political manual, but because they also diminish the space at his disposal, and make his selection of political speeches far less complete than it ought to be. What we want is a book which shall reflect the politics of the year as far as possible in the speeches of the year, and for this purpose no doubt the editor was quite right in including some of the more important of the foreign speeches, especially the Imperial and Presidential addresses in France and America which have more than an incidental bearing upon English politics. But what Mr. Coleridge said in a case of breach of promise of marriage, or what even Mr. Berryer said at the dinner given to him by the English Bar, is as much a foreign topic to the subject of the present volume as the speech delivered by Mr. Dickens in the same year at a literary dinner, or the speech of the President of the Royal Academy or of the Royal Society on the pictures and scientific discoveries of the year. If the book is to include all possible utterances delivered by the human mouth, it should not exclude extempore sermons, speeches in Convocation, speeches in the various scientific societies, speeches at congresses social and otherwise, no less important, indeed probably much more so than, speeches at the Bar. The Bar speeches are more or less mere accidents of the time, while the class of speeches to which we have alluded are necessarily special to the year, and insist mainly on events which mark the rate of our annual progress or regress. Yet while some of these are included, the properly political register of speeches for 1865 is exceedingly incomplete, and necessarily so from want of space. There is no specimen given, for instance, of the speeches on the Oxford University Test Bill, though Mr. Goschen's remarkable speech on that occasion was in fact the making of a new statesman. Again, none of the most characteristic speeches in the most characteristic debate of the Session, that on the Union Chargeability Bill, so hotly contested by Mr. Henley, Sir J. Trollope, and the other country squires, are given. Also the



extracts from the debates of the Lords are exceedingly meagre, though some of the best debates of the Session, both on ecclesiastical and on foreign affairs, and also on the scandals which led to the resignation of Lord Westbury, took place there. It is clear that if the series is to be continued and to be useful, it must be strictly limited to Parliamentary speeches and politico-social speeches delivered by men of Parliamentary influence. No fair specimen even of the great Reform debates of this year can be given, if we are to have breach-of-promise or other jury speeches in the *Oratorical Year-Book* for 1866.

But though we hope the plan of the book may be modified and improved, we hope also sincerely that it may prove successful, and meet with the encouragement it deserves. Specimens of oratory culled from great speakers of all times and all quarters of the world are useless and windy extract-books, with no common quality connecting them together but the very vague one commonly called "eloquence," which means anything and everything that comes glibly out of the mouth of man. But the more remarkable speeches of one year are valuable not for agreement in this doubtful and often rather windy quality, but for connecting together in their most impressive form the chief topics of the national thought during that period, and, if well selected, as these mostly are, for exhibiting those chief topics in the few leading aspects in which the party politics of our time necessarily present them. Take the debate on the defence of Canada on the 13th of March, 1865, from which we have the speeches of Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Bright, and Lord Palmerston extracted in full, while a short *résumé* of the other speeches is appended, and notice how completely a glance over those speeches restores an exact picture of the condition of the English mind at that moment,—the era of Mr. Lincoln's second inauguration, and before the fall of Richmond and the murder of the President,—on the subject of the relations between the United States and this country, giving us also a sufficient glimpse of our uneasy fears as to the naval and military inferiority of our own resources. We have a glimpse, first, of the Canadian panic on the subject of invasion, the report of Colonel Jervois, of the Tory Opposition policy, which was naturally favourable to the wishes of Canada and to the view likely to soothe the pride of Great Britain; then Mr. Cardwell gets up and explains how England is going to spend during the year

in Canada no more than 50,000*l.*—the first instalment, however, of a sum of 200,000*l.*—to be devoted to fortifications which in the eyes of military men are all but waste, and are in fact only of use as moral fortifications, as a sort of pledge to the Canadians that we have no intention of deserting them if they will not desert themselves; then Mr. Disraeli makes that remarkable speech in which he spoke of the Conservative character of a "territorial democracy" such as rules the Northern States, but referred also to the centralizing tendencies of events in America, the need of a powerful standing army for many year, and the danger of such a power interfering even in European questions, and the necessity at all events of being prepared to counteract it; then Mr. Lowe explains, with his usual conspicuous lucidity, how foolish it is to waste money on fortifying a few spots in a great country of which the whole boundary line is practically indefensible, when Canada must be defended, if at all, by striking at the weak points of the enemy's coast, and he maintains that the Government are like "the unskilful boxer in Demosthenes, who put his hands to the parts where he felt the blows, instead of striking at the vital parts of his adversary in return;" then, after much skirmishing on both the Confederate and the Northern side of the question, the Confederates somewhat hopeless at that last stage of the war, the Northerners more self-reliant and commanding in their tone than they had ever been before, comes a great discharge of solid shot from Mr. Bright against those who would excite angry feelings between England and the American Republic, with a special volley against Mr. Laird the member for Birkenhead, for his friendship with Captain Semmes, of the *Alabama*,—"the mildest-mannered man," Mr. Bright calls him, "that ever scuttled ship,"—and for thinking so admirably of the Secessionist scheme of a State founded on slavery, which Mr. Bright terms "the greatest example man has ever seen of the greatest crime that man has ever committed;" and, finally, Lord Palmerston, in a short and temporizing speech, compliments the United States on their moderation, denies Mr. Lowe's doctrine that Canada can only be defended by attack, admits "there are difficulties" but difficulties which may be got over, and generally apologizes for the arrangement, on the sound ground that Canada must be assured of our sincerity in promising to defend her. The report of these remarkable speeches restores again in vivid colours a picture



the brightness of which has long been faded, so much has it lost in interest in the course of a single year; and the same may be said of almost all the groups of speeches given. They bring back the state of political thought and the relations of political parties in an era which we now regard as almost long past. They restore for us with a few vivid touches the general preoccupations of the public mind and the different standing of different statesmen only a year ago. Mr. Lowe dwindles as we read from the Conservative giant he has been during the present Session to a very shrewd and rather original critic, much respected, yet not as yet profoundly admired, because he had not yet assumed that imperative mood which only his alliance with the Conservatives rendered possible. Lord Palmerston returns to his now vacated and empty post of conciliator and moderator between the Tory and Liberal camp. And with regard to American affairs, we see everybody in that condition of eager speculative interest, watching the coming crisis, which has now given place to a weary patience waiting for its slowly matured fruits. Unquestionably no sort of "annual register" would restore the actual colours of the political life of past years as vividly as a well selected year-book of speeches, and we hope that this is what we may obtain from the editor of this useful volume in future years.

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From the Spectator.

#### MR. BUCHANAN'S LONDON POEMS.\*

MR. BUCHANAN is far more than a minor poet. The volume before us would seem to prove that there is scarcely any eminence, short of the very highest, in our poetic literature which he may not hope to reach. He has not shown as yet the highest order of lyrical genius nor the highest fertility of dramatic conception, but his peculiar province is the union of lyrical with dramatic conceptions so that he seems, to use a mathematical metaphor, to hit the *locus* of the points of intersection between the genius of Wordsworth and the genius of Browning. What Wordsworth called "the power of hills" is on him; and he has not a little also of Wordsworth's power of conceiving a typical character in essence, or rather of

painting its reflected image in another mind, as Wordsworth conceived Hartley Coleridge at three years of age, painted Coleridge himself in the lines written in Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," and delineated character in "Michael," and "The Happy Warrior," and many others. But while Wordsworth, led by his meditative genius, always painted the reflected image of others in himself, always holding up the same clear, deep, solitary intellectual mirror,—like the face of some mountain lake,—to the subject he was occupied with, Mr. Buchanan's method, though narrative, is more dramatic, more like that of Mr. Browning. He approaches his subjects at second hand through some other mind naturally related to the one he wishes to image, and delineates not, like Wordsworth, his own view,—which perhaps it would puzzle him to give,—but a view rendered distinct and determinate by the natural relations of the character he is studying to some other person, so that he is not compelled as it were to have a view of his own, or meditations of his own, on the subject at all. Thus he combines many of the beauties of Wordsworth with something of the dramatic vivacity and realism of Mr. Browning; and the glory of nature gives a sweetness, a melody, and melancholy to his verses, which is seldom or never to be found in Browning's shrewd, loquacious "apologies" for all sorts of characters. The lyrical poet is far deeper and sweeter in Mr. Buchanan than in Mr. Browning. Nor is Mr. Buchanan so fond of argumentative and almost formally intellectual apologetic writings. For while Browning loves to make his Bishop Blogram, or his Fra Lippo Lippi, or even Caliban, defend himself, which is necessarily a shrewd, hard, self-love-showing process, Mr. Buchanan prefers to give only such apology for his characters as the love of another very near and dear would naturally devise. By this means he manages to combine the definite, determinate, sharply drawn dramatic delineation of Mr. Browning with a sweet sad note of yearning and of love that permits the introduction of an exquisite thread of lyrical beauty. Even when, as in one or two of the poems, and perhaps the finest of them, the main subject of the poem is the emotion of the person supposed to be speaking, even then the emotion expressed is not self-respecting and therefore hard and argumentative, as generally with Browning, but is all centered on some external object of love and solicitude. Thus the two poems called "Liz" and "Nell," the finest perhaps in the volume, and in their way some of the finest poems of

\* *London Poems*. By Robert Buchanan. London: Alexander Strahan.

the present generation, are the expressions of the feelings of two poor London women, the one dying after the birth of her first child, born not in wedlock, but still in what the woman regarded as wedlock, with Joe, a costermonger, — the other such as the woman who lived with poor Wright (who was hanged for murder) might have spoken had he been hanged for the murder of some one other than herself, instead of, as it happened to be in that case, that she herself was the victim of his habit of drinking. We do not mean of course that either of these beautiful poems, — poems unique in their mixture of city-life realism with lyrical beauty, — could actually have been spoken by the women whom they delineate. "Art," as Mr. Buchanan says, with a somewhat different drift, in the very fine poem called "London, 1864," "works her end not by giving, but by cruelly taking away," — and she has taken away accordingly from the bizarre language in which these poor creatures would probably have endeavoured to clothe the thoughts that arose in them, all that hid, instead of really expressing, those thoughts, and left two poems such as we should not find it easy to match in any language for making us see

"Flowing beneath the blackness of the streets,  
The current of sublimer, sweeter life,  
Which is the source of human smiles and tears,  
And melodized, becomes the strength of song."

There is nothing finer, as we have intimated, in these poems than the strength with which Mr. Buchanan combines what Wordsworth called "the power of hills" with "the power of cities." Those who feel the one often feel the other, — Wordsworth himself did so, as he showed in the exquisite sonnet written on Westminster Bridge, — but rarely indeed has the same man the faculty of giving voice to both. The great feature in the most striking of these poems which we have already named, — "Liz" and "Nell," — is the force with which both of them express the peculiar and mighty attraction of a great city, — London most of all great cities, — for those who have become familiar with it. As the heart leaps up at the sight of "the old revisited mountains," so we will not say it always leaps up, — for sometimes it may cower down, — but it will always feel the strange spell of London after any considerable absence. This spell breathes through most of Mr. Buchanan's *London Poems*, and gives us that groundswell of London that corresponds to the groundswell of the sea which underlies the

life of its waves. He expresses in his own person with great power this fascination of London in the fine opening stanzas dated Bexhill. He could not sing of London, he says, while London was still present with him. Then the roar of London sounded in his ears like the roar of the waves near his old Scotch home, and brought back the pictures of his native hills; but when he settled quietly beside the Sussex sea, the life of London grew upon his imagination, and he expresses thus finely its effect: —

"Hither to pastoral solitude I came,  
Happy to breathe again serener air  
And feel a purer sunshine; and the woods  
And meadows were to me an ecstasy,  
The singing birds a glory, and the trees  
A green perpetual feast to fill the eye  
And shimmer in upon the soul; but chief  
There came the murmur of the waters, sounds  
Of sunny tides that wash on silver sands,  
Or cries of waves that anguish'd and went white  
Under the eyes of lightnings. 'Twas a bliss  
Beyond the bliss of dreaming, yet in time  
It grew familiar as my mother's face;  
And when the wonder and the ecstasy  
Had mingled with the beatings of my heart,  
The terrible City loom'd from far away  
And gathered on me cloudily, dropping dews,  
Even as those phantoms of departed days  
Had haunted me in London streets and lanes.  
Wherefore in brighter mood I sought again  
To make the life of London musical,  
And sought the mirror of my soul for shapes  
That linger'd, faces bright or agonized,  
Yet ever taking something beautiful  
From glamour of green branches, and of clouds  
That glided piloted by golden airs.

"And if I list to sing of sad things oft,  
It is that sad things in this life of breath  
Are truest, sweetest, deepest. Tears bring forth  
The richness of our natures as the rain  
Sweetens the smelling brier; and I, thank God  
Have anguish'd here in no ignoble tears —  
Tears for the pale friend with the singing lips,  
Tears for the father with the gentle eyes  
(My dearest up in heaven next to God)  
Who loved me like a woman. I have wrought  
No girland of the rose and passion-flower,  
Grown in a careful garden in the sun;  
But I have gather'd sapphire dizzily,  
Close to the hollow roaring of a Sea."

The last two lines express, not only grandly, but we think truly, the powerful fascination which the great city exerted upon Mr. Buchanan's imagination. In the poem which, on the whole, we incline to think the finest of the volume, called "Liz," — for, it borrows less from the fascination of a tragic subject than the almost equally fine one called "Nell," — he describes with a force that long haunts the imagination of those who

read it the need for the stimulus of London which grows into the heart of a poor woman born and bred there, and who has lived from the first the life of the streets, and the awe with which the solitary splendour of Nature strikes upon her:—

“For I was sick of hunger, cold, and strife,  
And took a sudden fancy in my head  
To try the country, and to earn my bread  
Out among the fields, where I had heard one's life  
Was easier and brighter. So, that day,  
I took my basket up and stole away,  
Just after sunrise. As I went along,  
Trembling and loath to leave the busy place,  
I felt that I was doing something wrong,  
And fear'd to look policemen in the face.  
And all was dim: the streets were gray and wet  
After a rainy night: all was still;  
I held my shawl around me with a chill,  
And dropt my eyes from every face I met;  
Until the streets began to fade, the road  
Grew fresh and clean and wide,  
Fine houses where the gentlefolk abode,  
And gardens full of flowers, on every side,  
That made me walk and quicker—on, on, on—  
As if I were asleep with half shut eyes.  
And all at once I saw, to my surprise,  
The houses of the gentlefolk were gone,  
And I was standing still,  
Shading my face, upon a high green hill;  
And the bright sun was blazing,  
And all the blue above me seem'd to melt  
To burning, flashing gold, while I was gazing  
On the great smoky cloud where I had dwelt.

“I'll ne'er forget that day. All was so bright  
And strange. Upon the grass around my feet  
The rain had hung a million drops of light;  
The air, too, was so clear and warm and sweet  
It seem'd a sin to breathe it. All around  
Were hills and fields and trees that trembled  
through  
A burning, blazing fire of gold and blue;  
And there was not a sound,  
Save a bird singing, singing in the skies,  
And the soft wind, that ran along the ground,  
And blew full sweetly on my lips and eyes.  
Then, with my heavy hand upon my chest,  
Because the bright air pain'd me, trembling,  
sighing,  
I stole into a dewy field to rest.  
And oh, the green, green grass where I was  
lying  
Was fresh and living—and the bird sang loud,  
Out of a golden cloud—  
And I was looking up at him and crying!

“How swift the hours slipt on! And by and by  
The sun grew red, big shadows fill'd the sky,  
The air grew damp with dew,  
And the dark night was coming down, I knew.  
Well, I was more afraid than ever, then,  
And felt that I should die in such a place,—  
So back to London town I turned my face,  
And crept into the great black streets again;

And when I breathed the smoke and heard the  
roar,  
Why, I was better, for in London here  
My heart was busy, and I felt no fear.  
I never saw the country any more.  
And I have stay'd in London, well or ill—  
I would not stay out yonder if I could,  
For one feels dead, and all looks pure and  
good—  
I could not bear a life so bright and still.  
All that I want is sleep,  
Under the flags and stones, so deep, so deep!  
God won't be hard on one so mean, but He,  
Perhaps, will let a tired girl slumber sound  
There in the deep cold darkness under ground;  
And I shall waken up in time, may be,  
Better and stronger, not afraid to see  
The great, still Light that folds Him round  
and round!”

The poem from which this is taken was first published months ago in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*, and it has grown upon us so much in memory that we are able to apply to it a severer test—the test of time—than to any quite new poem. The best critic that ever lived would not probably know exactly the comparative value of new poems. For often that which takes hold of us most at first sight relaxes its hold gradually as we become more and more familiar with it, till at last it becomes poor, while that which but half impresses us at first grows like a seed in the imagination till it becomes one of the permanent shelters and beauties of our inner world. Both the poems which we recognize here as formerly published elsewhere have taken this hold upon us, and hence we feel less doubt in asserting their poetic strength and value. “The Starling” is a poem of less imaginative body altogether, yet it is singularly fine of its kind. The clearness and singleness of its intention,—to express the sort of animal misanthropy which possesses some of the more wretched dwellers in great cities who feel, like a crippled bird in a grimy cage, some vague longing for the freer life they have lost, and who express their misery in a sort of hoarse vicious swearing which is rather selfish woe than malignity,—is not surpassed in any other of these *London Poems*. Perhaps we may venture to extract this much of it intelligibly without spoiling the whole:—

“A haggard and ruffled  
Old fellow was Jack,  
With a grim face muffled  
In ragged black,  
And his coat was rusty  
And never neat,  
And his wings were dusty

From the dismal street,  
 And he sidelong peer'd,  
 With eyes of soot too,  
 And scowl'd and sneer'd, —  
 And was lame of a foot too!  
 And he long'd to go  
 From whence he came; —  
 And the tailor, you know,  
 Was just the same.  
 All kinds of weather  
 They felt confined,  
 And swore together  
 At all mankind;  
 For their mirth was done,  
 And they felt like brothers,  
 And the swearing of one  
 Meant no more than the other's;  
 'Twas just a way  
 They had learned, you see, —  
 Each wanted to say  
 Only this — 'Woe's me!  
 I'm a poor old fellow,  
 And I'm prison'd so,  
 While the sun shines mellow,  
 And the corn waves yellow,  
 And the fresh winds blow, —  
 And the folk don't care  
 If I live or die,  
 But I long for air,  
 And I wish to fly!'  
 Yet unable to utter it,  
 And too wild to bear,  
 They could only mutter it,  
 And swear."

There are poems which have little or no relation to London life amongst the *London Poems*, as, for an example, that called "Edward Crowhurst," and written on the fate of poor John Clare, which only just touches the literary life of great cities in its power to disenchant a rustic poet of his vision and faculty divine. But on the whole those which are most penetrated with London impressions, like those we have mentioned, and also "The Little Milliner," and "Artist and Model," seem to us the finest. The poem on John Clare, though beautiful, has a far less intense life, a far more straggling life, — like its subject, — than most of the others, and "Jane Lewson" in parts falls below the gen-

eral level of Mr. Buchanan's poetry. "The Death of Roland," widely different in style and subject as it is from the others, has a singular grandeur of its own — grandeur of a weird, romantic sort. Another piece of the kind furthest removed from the *London Poems*, called "The Gift of Eos," is a sort of supplement to Mr. Tennyson's *Tithonus*, a poetic defence for the immortality conferred on a mortal by his ambitious love of a goddess, against Mr. Tennyson's representation of it as a boon of pure misery. The idea of the poem is concentrated finely in the stanza which Mr. Buchanan extracts from it as a motto, but which is also much the finest stanza in the poem: —

"Not in a mist of loveless eyes dies he,  
 Who loveth truly nobler light than theirs;  
 To him, nor weariness nor agony,  
 Purblind appeals, nor prayers;  
 To him, the priceless boon  
 To watch from heights divine till all be done:  
 Calm in each dreamy rising of the Moon,  
 Glad in each glorious coming of the Sun."

We suspect that Mr. Buchanan wrote the poem in elaboration of this fine stanza, but if so he has scarcely written up to his own motto for it. As a whole it does not satisfy the imagination excited by so fine an overture. Mr. Buchanan takes as his motto Goethe's fine lines: —

"Greift nur hinein in's volle Menschenleben!  
 Ein jeder lebt's, nicht vielen ist's bekannt,  
 Und wo ihr's packt, da ist's interessant,"

— and nobly on the whole does he work out the idea so often reiterated in our generation, so seldom successfully applied, at least in poetry. No volume of poems has appeared for many years in London which so certainly announces a true poetic fame. Unquestionably the volume is a great advance on the *Idyls of Inverburn*, clear, sweet, and beautiful as they were. We trust the splendour of the daylight may not be belied by the brilliant promise of the dawn.

In a recently published book, Mr. James Hutchinson, of Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, points out remarkable resemblances in the *Iliad* of Homer and the *Rāmāyana* of Valmiki. He contends that the rape of Helen and the siege of Troy are really but the carrying off

of Sitā and the capture of Lanka done into Greek verse. He goes further and asserts his conviction that Homer not only worshipped the same deities as the Hindus, but was himself a Hindu.

From the Saturday Review.

## AN OLD STORY.

THERE is no more convenient way of pointing a moral against the existing generation than to praise the generation which preceded it, and we probably owe the figment of a golden age to Hesiod's desire to say something unpleasant about his contemporaries. We fear, therefore, that the task we have now set ourselves will jar on the prepossessions of those numerous moralists who find in the indelicacy of prevailing customs, whether of dress or demeanour, a fruitful subject for censure. It is usually taken for granted that the women of the present day have lamentably declined from that high standard of female propriety to which the women of some earlier period conformed. We think we are in a position to maintain that, if ever this standard existed at all, it was not in being half a century ago, and that the young ladies who live under Victoria are, to say the least, no worse than those who lived under the virtuous George III. That ideal state of society when every maid was modest and every matron sedate seems to fly as we pursue, and to stand out with continually increasing clearness as "a past that was never present." We have lately come across a little treatise, bearing the date of 1811, which, but for a few differences of detail, might have been written by the same pen from which the readers of the *Morning Post* have derived so much pleasure and profit during the present season. The *Mirror of the Graces* aims at giving useful advice on "dress, accomplishments, politeness, and manners, in accordance with the general principles of nature and rules of propriety." It is the production, as we learn from the title-page, of a "lady of distinction, who has witnessed and attentively studied what is esteemed truly graceful and elegant among the most refined nations of Europe." And the preface further informs us that it was "composed by the desire of some female friends of the author's, who, aware of her consummate knowledge of the world, and experience in all that is honourable in the art of captivation, had applied to her for certain directions on the subject." If so, we fear that the friends in question, though living "in a remote part of the West of England," had already adopted some of the follies of the capital, since a large part of the volume thus originally written for their use is occupied with warnings against carrying the pursuit of captivation a little beyond "all that is honourable." A sense that the

cap fitted them rather too closely for comfort may perhaps have engendered the desire to hand it over to their neighbours; at all events "they instantly formed a wish to make the advice public." How far a larger audience benefited by the mild counsels with which the *Mirror of the Graces* is filled might possibly be tested by a diligent examination of the fashion-books of the period. We do not propose, however, to do more than construct by its aid a picture of the young ladies of that day which may serve as a companion to those which are occasionally drawn of the young ladies of the present day. It is so often asked, in relation to the latter, what would their grandmothers say to them, that it may be well to see, by way of variety, what they will say to their grandmothers.

In one important respect, the fashions of 1811 seem to have been just as much open to criticism as the fashions of 1866. The "lady of distinction" is constantly warning her female readers not to have their dresses made too low, and then, equally as now, the moralist was reduced to strengthen her position by arguments founded on expediency. "Were we," she exclaims, "in a frantic and impious passion, to set virtue aside, policy should direct our damsels to be more sparing of their attractions," since "an unrestrained indulgence of the eye robs imagination of her power, and prevents her consequent influence on the heart." And then, with a frankness which only a female censor could venture on, she points out that there are very few women to whom a costume which errs in this direction is really becoming. "Where the offender is a young and fair girl, the beholder regards the too prodigal exhibition, not as the act of the youthful innocent, but as the effect of accident, or perhaps the designed exposure of some ignorant dresser"; but where the complexion is "brown, dingy, or speckled," and the figure "ordinary or deformed," there is no room for this indulgent estimate. From such a display as this "the man of delicacy and worth turns away in loathing, and with celestial rapture clasps to his warm and noble heart the unsunned bosom of the chaste and vestal unwrapped fair." Can there be imagined a more potent incentive to modesty of apparel than the prospect thus held out to the wearer of being embraced — we presume in public — by "a man of delicacy and worth"? The just mean in this respect is to be arrived at partly by "a candid consideration of her pretensions on these subjects" and partly by a due submission to "the eye of maternal



decorum," which will "draw the virgin zone to the limit where modesty should bid it rest." Nor, though crinoline was then unknown, were the young ladies of the period always guiltless of a desire to attract attention to their stockings. Within proper limits, the *Mirror of the Graces* is not opposed to such a practice. "There is," it allows, "no single beauty of the female form which obtains so much admiration as a well-proportioned foot and ankle." And considering how much is implied in any imperfection in this quarter, this can hardly be considered an exaggerated statement. "A heavy leg and foot seem to hint that the whole of the limbs which the drapery conceals are in gravitating proportion with their clumsy foundations." And, worse than this, "where we see ponderosity of body we are apt to conclude that there is equal heaviness in mind and feelings." We cannot wonder therefore that "feet and ankles of delicate symmetry" should give occasion for just pride to their possessors; but even in this case to exhibit them by unusually short petticoats or much ornamented stockings "will attract to the vain coquette contempt instead of admiration." The true rule, arranged to suit the threefold gradation of comparative beauty, is given thus:—"The finest ankles are most effectually shown by wearing a silk stocking without any clock, as the eye then slides easily over the unbroken line and takes in all its beauties." If nature has been less propitious, a little artifice must be resorted to. "When the ankle is rather large, an unobtrusive net clock of the same colour as the stocking will be a useful division, and induce the beholder to believe the perfect symmetry of the parts." Unhappily, however, there will still be instances in which all the efforts of art are useless, and nothing then remains but a decorous submission to inexorable fate. "A very thick leg cannot be disguised or amended; and in this case I can only recommend absolute neatness in the dressing of the limb, and petticoats so long that there is hardly a chance of its ever being seen."

Hitherto we have seen a noticeable resemblance between the criticism of half a century back and that with which we are ourselves acquainted. There is another characteristic, however, of female dress in 1811 which has fortunately no counterpart at present. Upon no point does the "lady of distinction" soar to so high a pitch of eloquence as when she moralizes on the extreme scantiness of drapery which was then fashionable. While, in happy igno-

rance of a distant future, she rejoices that "the hoop and quilted petticoat are no longer suffered to shroud in hideous obscurity one of the loveliest works of nature," she proclaims with unbending sternness that "modesty on one hand and health on the other still maintain the law of fold on fold," and that "the single garment, as the texture now usually is, is not a meet covering for a Christian damsel." The details into which she goes to establish the necessity of this warning are so minute as to make it difficult for what she would probably call "the modest muse" to follow her, and we are consequently reduced to take refuge under the authority of a quotation. "Some of our fair dames appear with no other shelter than one single garment of muslin or silk over their chemise—if they wear one! but that is often dubious." Directly after, however, we learn that even this is understating the case, and that, instead of the presence of the garment in question being "dubious," its omission is "most generally practised"; and then, no longer attempting to conceal the terrible fact, the author adds:—"The chemise, now too frequently banished, ought to be held as sacred by the modest fair as the vestal veil. No fashion should be able to strip her of that decent covering; in short, woman should consider it as the sign of her delicacy, as the pledge of honour to shield her from unhalloved eyes." And while modesty demands, as the very smallest concession she can put up with, the invariable wearing of at least two garments, our author herself urges her "fair reader" to go to an extreme beyond even this, and to "wear under her gown a light cotton petticoat," in the assurance that "no true friend or lover will wish her to discover to the eye more of the form divine than can be indistinctly descried through the mysterious involvements of at least three successive folds of drapery."

If we turn from dress to manners, we seem once more to find ourselves on familiar ground. "The maidenly coldness which used to distinguish the women of England has given way to an unblushing impudence." "Our Virginias" are no longer "modest, abashed, retiring, blushing girls"; they are rather "actresses who rush upon the stage half naked, dancing, rolling their eyes as if intoxicated, and flirting with every officer of the *prætorian guard* who crosses their path." In 1811, too, as now, we find the most bitter complaints of "the extreme familiarity between the sexes." The "respectful bow, the look

of polite attention with which a gentleman ought to approach a lady," have vanished. "He runs up to her, seizes her by the hand, shakes it roughly, asks a few questions, and flies off again before she can make a reply." The only cure that can be recommended for this evil is for a lady "to treat the coxcombs with the contempt they deserve." Any attempt to take her hand should be met "with an air so declarative of displeasure" as to ensure her against a repetition of the offence. "A touch, a pressure of the hand are the only external signs of particular regard that a woman can give, and to lavish this valuable power of expression upon all comers is an indelicate extravagance." Still more to be reprehended is "that indiscriminate facility which some young women have in permitting what they call a good-natured kiss." In illustration of this last warning, a thrilling story is told which we regret that space forbids our quoting at full length. "Count M., one of the handsomest young men in Vienna," was engaged to a girl "of almost peerless beauty and of high rank." The Count was of so refined a mind and such delicate sensibility that whenever he approached his mistress, "a fire shot through his veins that warned him not to invade the vermilion sanctuary of her lips." It happened one night that "a party of young people were met at his intended father-in-law's," to which, by way of making things pleasant to everybody, were invited "several of the young lady's rejected suitors." Everything went on with the greatest merriment until, in the course of a game of forfeits, "the Count was commanded by some witty mademoiselle to redeem his glove by saluting the cheek of his intended bride." The Count was at first not equal to the occasion — "he blushed, trembled, advanced, retreated, advanced again." At length, however, he summoned the needful courage; "with a tremor that shook every fibre in his frame, with a modest grace he put the soft ringlet which played upon her cheek to his lips, and retired to demand his redeemed pledge in evident confusion." If matters had stopped here, all would have been well. But unhappily one of the rejected suitors "was adjudged by the same indiscreet crier of the forfeits (as his last treat before he hanged himself, she said) to snatch a kiss from the lips of the object of his recent vows." As to what followed, it is enough to say that "the Count had the mortifica-

tion, the agony to see the lips which his passionate and delicate love would not allow him to touch, kissed with roughness and repetition by another man, and one whom he despised." "By that good-natured kiss the fair boast of Vienna lost her husband and her lover; the Count never saw her more."

We discern another point of resemblance between the two eras in the complaint made then, apparently as now, of the difficulty of getting men to dance. "In days of yore, kings, heroes, and unbearded youth alike mingled in the graceful exercise, but now 'where is the merry dance, the mirth-awakening viol'?" Even the example of royalty seems to have been powerless. "In vain our princes lead forth the fairest ladies in the land; our noble youth, smit with a love of grave folly, abandon the ball for the gaming-table." To some extent, however, this unworthy retreat may have been caused by the severity of the exercise apparently demanded from them by their partners. "When a young lady rises to dance we no longer see the graceful easy step of the gentlewoman, but the labored and often indelicate exhibitions of the posture mistress. The chaste minuet is banished; dances from ballets are introduced, and in place of dignity and grace we behold strange wheelings on one leg, stretching out the other till our eye meets the garter, and a variety of endless contortions only fit for the zenana of an Eastern satrap." It seems not unnatural that in such an exhibition as this men should have preferred the part of spectator to that of actor. Two points remain in which the position of women has materially changed for the better since the time of which we are writing. A breakfast of "hot bread and butter" was then "succeeded by a long and exhausting fast until six or seven in the evening, when dinner is served up, and the half-famished beauty sits down to sate her appetite." What could a woman's life have been without lunch and without afternoon tea? The other improvement refers to cleanliness. "The generality of English ladies seem to be ignorant of the use of any bath larger than a wash-hand-basin." After all, the world does advance a little, and it is something that women have learned to eat in the middle of the day and to wash when they get up. We have made some progress since 1811.

From the London Review.

## MORGANATIC MARRIAGES.

THE political changes now in rapid progress in Germany cannot fail to produce other changes of a social kind; amongst which it will certainly be very surprising if the peculiar privileges of sovereign houses in the matter of marriage do not altogether disappear. There is something in the alliances known as "morganatic," or left-handed, which revolts the moral sense of civilized mankind, or the degradation of the female party which such an arrangement involves would never have long been tolerated in any country where the marriage contract, among all classes, was habitually regarded as a permanent engagement. But the Princes of Germany, even at the time when the Papal authority was universally acknowledged, were always a little fractious as spouses, and the very curious case of the Landgrave Philip of Hesse, which occurred shortly after the Reformation, established a precedent of which other princes were not reluctant to avail themselves when, in the first place, the Church ceased to be the supreme authority in matrimonial questions, and when, in the second place, the State, which gave the law in those cases as in every other, was simply the will of the prince himself, acting in virtue of what he called his "spiritual power." Philip had been married for sixteen years to Christina of Saxony, and was the father of eight children, when the impossibility of taking the Landgravine about with him to all the Diets of the Empire and of his own States, accompanied, as she should necessarily be, by a train of Court ladies and lacqueys, suggested to him the expedient of providing himself with a supplementary and, as it were, a travelling wife, whose society would be a comfort to him on such occasions. The lady he selected for this purpose was Margaret von der Sahl, one of the maids of honour of his sister Elizabeth, and it is a sad but ascertained fact that this bigamous alliance was formally sanctioned not only by six Hessian theologians, but also by Luther, Bucer, and Melancthon. Some princes have inverted the order followed by Philip; they have begun with the plebeian or work-a-day wife, and then have taken another to share their rank and state; and, indeed, in most cases, they have had the grace to be off with the old love before they were on with the new. But the readiness of German princesses to accept the right hand of one who had previously given his left hand

to another woman, has, in time, reacted unfavourably on their own illustrious order; and they have been unceremoniously divorced for little or no reason, as soon as their spouses felt inclined to take up with somebody else. The late kings of Denmark and Wurtemberg were remarkable for their proceedings in this way.

*Matrimonium nobilitat mulierem* was the maxim of the old civil law, and if King Cophetua thought proper to marry a beggar-maid, she would be none the less a queen. This is evidently the right and proper principle, and recognises the equality of the relations between man and wife. There is, in most countries, even a propensity to interpret such a maxim liberally in the woman's favour. When a widowed duchess marries a plain "Mr." she still retains her title, even though she had not originally been of a higher rank than her second husband. In the same way, no one speaks of Queen Christina as Madam Munoz, or of the Duchess of Genoa as Marchioness Rapallo. But it is certainly unaccountable to us how an English lady, the daughter of a duke, when she gave her hand to a son of the sovereign of a small Saxon duchy (in fact, the real original Pumpernickle), could have consented, or been permitted by her family, to assume a less honourable name than her husband's. If the pretensions of those microscopic princelings were admitted in such a case, it is no wonder that they are so unquestioningly recognised in their own territories. For the lady in question is either his serene highness's wife or she is not. By English law, of course, the marriage is valid; but in that case the wife has a right to bear her husband's name. In Germany, however, and we are sorry to add at the British Court, it is merely considered a morganatic marriage — dissoluble, that is, whenever the serenity in question should think proper to mate himself with one of his own sublime rank. Then a morganatic marriage is simply no marriage at all, for it gives the woman neither the security of a permanent contract nor the civil position of a wife. To accompany such an engagement with a religious ceremony is nothing short of desecration. The feminine scruples which a rite that is a mockery are sufficient to allay do not seem entitled to much respect.

Whether it is that they prefer the comparative lightness of the tie, or that ladies of their own rank are comparatively unattractive, the fact is certain that a great number of German princes, even at the present day, have contracted morganatic marriages. To begin with Prussia, as the first chop, we

find Prince Albert, the King's brother, who divorced his wife, the Princess Marianne of the Netherlands, in 1849, remarriedmorganatically, in 1853, to Rosalie, Countess of Hohenau; and Prince Adalbert, the King's cousin, and Admiral-in-Chief of the Prussian navy, married to Fanny Ellsler's sister Theresa, who thereupon became Baroness von Barnim. The Elector of Hesse, now in durance at Stettin, is married to a lady whom however, he plainly calls his wife, though she is not called Electress, his issue being known as Princes and Princesses of Hanau, which is the name of his family. Prince Alexander of Hesse-Darmstadt is married to the Countess Julia von Hauke, who is called Princess of Battenberg, her children being Princes and Princesses of that ilk. The Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg was married to the Countess Rheday de Kis-Rhede, who took the name of Countess of Hohenstein, by which her children were known, until a Royal decree, in 1863, raised her son and her eldest daughter to princely rank, with the title of Teck. Her younger daughter did not share in this good fortune, having made the mistake of marrying Baron von Hugel, a retired captain of cavalry in the Austrian service. Prince Louis of Bavaria, brother of the Empress of Austria and the ex-Queen of Naples, is married to the Baroness von Wallersee, but, as the engagement is necessarily permanent in his case, he has been obliged to renounce his rights of succession in favour of his younger brother, Prince Charles. This is rather a hard case, but is in conformity with the Austrian precedent of the late Archduke John, who married the daughter of the postmaster of Aussee, called afterwards Countess of Meran, which title descends to her children. Another Catholic prince, Leopold of Coburg-Kohary, has married a lady who is called Baroness von Rutenstein. This was a bad match for a Coburg to make—a very bad match for one whose cousin married the Queen of England, whose brother married the Queen of Portugal, and who was himself proposed by England as a candidate for the hand of the Queen of Spain; the worst match, in fact, that any Coburg has made in our time, possibly with one exception.

When we consider all these things, we do not wonder that there are a great many Republicans in Germany, nor do we feel much pity for the fate of so many king-kins and princelings who are now threatened with hopeless mediatisation. That will very speedily bring their nobles down to ninetence; will make them very thank-

ful to share their name with any honest woman who consents to wed them; will make them regard those who are not descended from so long a line of fame-preservers and men-oppressors as, perhaps, after all, of not quite a different species from their most high-born selves. It will be impossible in the not distant future for any Prince Philander, of Silber-Groschen, to play fast and loose with a woman's faith, and turn adrift the partner of his poverty, when some silly foreign princess offers to make a great man of him. The question is not without some interest for the British tax-payer, too; for when all those princely paupers with whom the children of our Royal family have been accustomed to ally themselves are reduced to the condition of subjects, their nominal rank will not be greater than that of our noble houses; and it will be an incalculable saving to the British exchequer when our young Princes and Princesses are brought to marry into the great and wealthy families of England instead of importing their spouses from Germany. Baulked of this profitable field of adventure, we shall perhaps find those speculative foreigners, if they are able to visit this country at all, thankful to come in the position of valets and gamekeepers to our Dukes of Devonshire, our Marquises of Westminster, and our Earls of Derby; or, if the hereditary love of a uniform is not to be extinguished in their bosoms, that of a railway-guard is sufficiently becoming.

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From the Spectator, 4th August.

#### THE TIMES WE LIVE IN.

"How do you feel amidst all these events?" said a friend the other day to a member of the Athenæum, supposed to be recreant to the character of his Club, suspected of thinking Sadowa nearly as interesting as a Salamis. "I feel as if I were alive," was the reply, which expressed, we believe, a feeling just now very strong among all who take any interest, however slight, in the movement of the world. The flabbiness of the public will, a passing feebleness on which we have often commented, does not diminish, perhaps rather increases, the intellectual interest in the phenomena of the hour. Englishmen feel something like men comfortably seated in a theatre in presence of a great play, inactive, full fed, almost too lazy to raise their opera glasses or sniff at the odour of

gas which occasionally interrupts their comfort, but nevertheless keenly alive, conscious that every faculty of the brain is at its highest tension. For the play is for once a wonderful one. We are living, and begin to be conscious that we are living, in one of those seed-times of the world which recur only after long cycles, when the ground, long ploughed and manured, is at last to be turned to use, a seed time of empires, and creeds, and discoveries, and systems of thought which, as they germinate and flourish, will in their beauty or their ugliness make the Old World, which looked so bare, irre recognizable in its rich variety of crop, and colour, and life. Nothing was till lately so common as to hear the cry, especially from the young, "Oh, that I had been born at another time, when life was simpler, and movement greater, and mankind had ends!" Tennyson expressed the thought of a generation when he sang, —

"What is that which I should turn to, lighting  
upon days like these?  
Every door is barred with gold and opens but  
to golden keys,  
Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the  
markets overflow;  
I have but an angry fancy — what is that which  
I should do?  
\* \* \* \* \*  
But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt  
that Honour feels.  
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at  
each other's heels."

The same cry is still heard, but it has ceased to be real. If the Englishman cannot act, he can at least observe, and feel that his intellect "lives," if he does not. If he is a politician, he is living in an age which, alike in the dramatic character of its events and the grandeur of some of its ideas, has scarcely a parallel in history. Within five years we have witnessed the greatest, it may be the last, struggle between the ideas of freedom and slavery, each held by millions conscious, however dimly, of their objects, and prepared to go on for their sake to the bitter end. The old world and its aspirations gave place finally to the new and its hopes, when Lee surrendered his sword, and the defeat was as dramatic, as much of a sudden surprise, as near to a true battle of Armageddon, as any catastrophe in history has ever been. The principle of nationalities, first a dream, then a thought, then a hope, has risen almost within months into a power able to shake down States and remodel maps, has

pulled an old nation as it were by the hair from under the sea into the air and light, is, as we write, driving whole kingdoms together with a clash which reverberates through the world. Young men read of the rise of Holland to independence, and think that was a grand time; was it grander in all true elements of grandeur than this rise of Italy out from under the Austrian waves? Ricasoli seems to us as worth watching as William the Silent, Napoleon as Philip II. The French Revolution was a great event, an event which to this hour seems to choke up the memories of the old, but save in misery how was it greater as an event than this Revolution in Germany? Crowns did not topple faster in 1790-'98 than in 1866, Sadowa was at least as striking an event as Waterloo. The Seven Years' war was a "great episode in history;" we have lived through it all compressed into seven days. The rise of France to dictatorship was not more marvellous, was not to the Continent more full of hope or menace than the rise of Prussia. And we see all events so clearly. Just as the explosion became imminent Europe completed the new systems of communication which make every explosion, however small, every separate rush of the lava, every jetting out of flame, every low rumble in the volcano, so painfully audible to the ear. It is as if mortal eyes had suddenly been enabled to see the working of geological phenomena, to watch the islands being upheaved, and the seas receding, and the mountains trembling, and nature in the travail of a new birth. The slow ascent of Santorian to the air is not more marvellous or more evident to all who will look than the ascent of Germany. Armies only defined by fractions of millions, armies such as marched when Rome and the barbarians came into their final collision, are moved as rapidly as they seem to be moved when we only hear of starting-point and destination, the slaughter is as that of the battles which are landmarks in history, the consequences such as those which students ponder through the succeeding centuries. The progress of the world was not more affected by the struggle between the Hohenstauffens and the Popes, the State and the Church, or between France and the Continent, democracy and feudalism, than by this struggle just ended between Prussia and Austria — light and obscurantism. We have men, too, among it all, big, visible figures. No age has ever perhaps been richer in prominent individual personages in whom the world could take a fierce interest than that



which has produced Napoleon and Bismark, Lincoln and Gladstone, Von Moltke and Garibaldi.

Even if we say, with some careless thinkers, that events are nothing, ideas all—as if every event did not generate an idea as well as every idea an event—the movement of the world remains as marvellous as before. Men are never tired of considering the Reformation, and the reaction which followed it; but was it a greater time, a time in which more ideas were born, or in which systems of thought struggled more visibly towards the light than this? Enlightenment and obscurantism are but Protestantism and Romanism, with their frontiers widened beyond the theological limit, doing battle for the liberation of man as well as of man's soul, of his intellect as well as of his conscience. The Papacy is in the throes as visibly now as it was when Leo X. died, may revive under our eyes as it revived under the eyes of those who defeated the Armada. And we shall see it and be conscious of it, as they scarcely did or were. Every blow struck on either side reverberates instantly through the world. We receive by telegraph the bull against civilization; read in a special correspondent's letter how Dollinger—Erasmus—proposes to reconcile Rome and science; can, if we will, hear the debate which terminates monachism in Italy; see, almost while they are writing, the decrees which throughout Germany will end the right of the Papacy to stifle theological thought. Mr. Froude has made us read with an interest which is almost emotion the succession of Acts which struck down the monasteries in England; in what do they differ save in rapidity from the bills which passed the Italian Parliament six weeks since, and the decree which this week breaks up the "religious life" in Venetia? The Reformation was "a lively time;" is it not reproducing itself now, with all its old complications, till armies are levied in unconscious support of a dogma like the Immaculate Conception, and whole populations are doing battle in the field against the sway of a priesthood without a gun? The revival of learning was a grand and vivid time, but there is a revival going on among us, almost as visible to eyes which will see as ever *Renaissance* was to the Cardinals who bought manuscripts and petted the students of the old lore. Realism has revived among us, and is modifying every branch of progress, sweeping away remorselessly all the films which stood between thought and fact,

and many which sheltered the brain from the pressure of the fact, breaking away all delusions and many pieties, compelling men, whether they will or no, to admit data disagreeable or pleasant, and apply induction to every subject within the scope of thought. The controversy on transubstantiation was not more important, though it involved the whole question whether Christianity was a cult or a creed, than that which is raging now as to the mutability or immutability of Law, the Antinomian theory not more dangerous than that which has half formulated itself under the name of Secularism. Nothing is "sacred," in the old sense of sacredness, nothing tabooed, nothing admitted on account of the authority it can quote in its behalf. The human mind is breaking bonds strong as those of the old theology, and from the being of a God to the use of reticence in statesmanship everything is questioned. Even the worst feature of our times, the tone of cynicism which accepts slavery, and poverty, and oppression as necessities, is but an acrid expression of the same spirit—a spirit which will prove as universal a solvent of the old ideas as ever Greek learning did. Nothing in our day, it is true, compares or can compare with the discovery of America, the greatest impulse from without ever received by human energy, a momentum as great as we should receive were a new planet suddenly to attach itself to the earth; but the scope for adventure, and travel, and even conquest is nearly as wide as ever, their results as dramatic. It is within seven years that we have seen Cochín China turned into a colony, and the "unknown capital," Peking, entered by European troops, a custom-house officer nearly missing the control of a third of the human race, a new civilization revealed in Japan, the source of the Nile discovered, Australia crossed, the few closed places of earth thrown open to energy and enterprise. To those who wish to found kingdoms, or discover El Dorados, or civilize savage races there are as many fields as ever, and a new certainty that mankind will hear speedily of all they have done. No mechanical invention corresponds or can quite correspond in value with the printing press, but we have this week solved the problem of instant communication throughout the planet, this week draws within speaking distance continents which three hundred years ago were still, as they were from the beginning of time, ignorant of each other's existence. The compass is of more use, but it scarcely

strikes the imagination of science more than the discovery of the spectrum, and gunpowder did not revolutionize warfare more than the breechloader may yet do. We talk much of the mighty emigration from Asia which buried the civilization of Rome — what is it when compared with the exodus to the West, going on every day before our eyes, this yearly march to America of an army greater than that which followed Alaric? The new life introduced by the barbarians was not more novel than the life which is growing up in the Far West, feudalism no more potent agency than the system of equality of condition.

At home no doubt events appear to be ordinary, yet even here we are witnessing the rise of a theological agitation as serious as, though less violent than, that which, after a century of discussion and slow filtration down from dukes to hinds, at last liberated us from Rome, as this one will in the end liberate us from Geneva. The contest between capital and labour, as it is called, that is, the transition from feudal to free labour, has commenced, and is at least as noteworthy as the decease of villenage, and with it has come naturally the demand for a new distribution of political power in the State. Commerce, science, art are in a condition of almost morbid activity, and scarcely a newspaper appears without an announcement which in the good old times, when men had leisure to gossip and wits congregated in taverns, would have furnished matter for a week's reflection. Life is alive even here, with a change in prices as great as that which followed the discovery of America, a social change as wide as that which produced the Poor Law, and a political change as formidable as that of 1831, all going on together, and all going on amid the thunder of changes, each greater than they, reverberating from all sides of the world. There is no Charles V. to watch, but there is Frederick William; no Philip II. but Napoleon writes, like him, letters to Flanders, and Florence, and Vienna, which presage expeditions; there is no new America, but there is Asia unveiling itself; no printing press to wonder at, but electricity is beginning to do its appointed work. The torpor of the body may be deep, but the mind is awake and the imagination running riot, and whether we are thinking or only dreaming, still this generation is alive.

From the Spectator, 4th August.

## THE NEW DANGER IN GERMANY.

PEACE, we mean a genuine peace, one which will allow of a European disarmament, depends now mainly upon the action of the German Convention. This armistice, or pacification, or whatever it turns out to be, looks a great deal too like a truce, which arrests, but does not terminate war. No one of the peoples concerned is as yet perfectly satisfied. Venetia has been released, but Italy is profoundly irritated, angry because she has not gained the Tyrol, sore because she has not assured her independence by feats which would have proved that her long debasement had not incapacitated her for war. One battle won in the open, bayonet to bayonet, would have placed her as much beyond the protection of Napoleon as she is already beyond the menaces of the Austrian Kaiser, and she frets under the missed opportunity. The Austrians are dejected because, as they think, the consequences of utter defeat would have been more endurable than those which must follow an "ignominious" peace; their rulers are savage because, as they deem, they have lost the pride and glory of rule, because while remaining great in "Austria" they have ceased to be great in Europe, because the control of the future has passed from them to a rival House. Kings feel for position like parvenus, and there is a trace of Ultramontaniam in the governing class of Austria which will add to vindictiveness much of the strength of conscientious feeling. The Hapsburgs will never voluntarily surrender their ancient object — a grand position in Germany, and the means for regaining it are unfortunately left in their hands. The French are irritated beyond measure by the rise of a new and great Power, with which even now they hardly feel able to cope, and which when consolidated may prove a final barrier against territorial extension. France can make Germans Frenchmen, has made them such in Lorraine and in Alsace, but with her the condition of assimilation is unquestioned rule. Neighbourhood exerts little influence. The Rhenish provinces border on France, with no mountain range to divide them, but the Rhinelanders are no more French than the Saxons or Pomeranians. So long as the Rhine cannot be conquered France cannot extend, and the

Rhine cannot be conquered while it flows through an united Germany. Eloquence being prohibited and argument very dangerous, France expresses hate in laughter, declares that Austrian bands play Wagner's music so that the hissing of the conical bullets may seem to their troops quite natural, and draws pigs admiring Bismark because the "needle gun has proved almost as deadly as the trichina." And Germany, though scarcely irritated, for after all the Teuton has beaten the Slav, and even Viennese can scarcely keep down an unwilling exultation of race, is sore with a sense that victory if misused may still imply dismemberment. The disposition to fuse North Germany into one State is, as we predicted last week, growing strong even in the Prussian Court. Three days ago Hanover was safe, now Hanover is either to be swallowed whole, the only sensible and moral plan, or at least to surrender the Southern districts, and Friesland, and the sea coast. Frankfort is told that it will very speedily have the honour of being Prussian, and Hamburg, the talk of the French press notwithstanding, must be a Prussian port. Nassau may already be taken to be annexed, Franconia has been occupied "in the name of his Majesty King Frederick William," and in short the appetite for territory, which in this instance is for once healthy, grows at a promising pace. Even in Saxony, which was sheltered alike by the Kaiser, the King, and Napoleon, Prussian rule is to be virtually complete, Berlin assuming the control of the post, the roads, the fortresses, the regiments, and all diplomatic transactions. If the German Convention votes for fusion North of the Main, it will not, we imagine, be difficult to induce King William to accept the States which ask for his rule.

But the case of South Germany is by no means so clear. The King has reserved to himself the right to make separate treaties with these States unfettered by any engagements with Vienna, and he may possibly make hard terms. The Palatinate will be much safer in his hands than in Bavaria's, France being a dangerous neighbour for any weak power, and the frontier to be defended against France falling logically to Prussia. Anspach and Baireuth were Prussian once. Franconia is wanted for a Coburg, and Wurtemberg must be punished for daring to seize Hohenzollern, the Prussian *enclave* within her territory. But it seems certain that the South is not to form part of the German confederation, at least not under the conditions of peace. Prus-

sian journals have been rebuked for impatience in asking for complete unity, and Austria, though struck finally out of Germany, is allowed to ally herself with the South if she can. 'The Hapsburgs will doubtless employ every means in their power to secure the alliance of the States south of the Main, and though they can offer nothing to their intelligent classes they can bribe both the Courts and the Ultramontanes—the Courts with guarantees, the Ultramontanes with agitation for Rome. North Germany will not willingly see Germans oppressed or Rome triumphant, and the struggle for influence which was formerly waged in the north at Frankfort, in the Duchies, and in every petty Court, will be carried on under the old form to the southward of the Main, and on nearly the old conditions. Prussia no doubt will be stronger than of old, but France henceforward is sure to side with the South and against the power which alone threatens her with rivalry, and alone possesses a prize worth her ambition. Hapsburg and Hohenzollern contending south of the Main, with France ready to intervene at any hour in support of the weaker side,—there is war in that condition of affairs, and it may be very speedy war. By the spring of next year France at all events will be armed, and Austria, if she has not entirely lost her vitality, will be in possession of a breech-loader, the populations of Wurtemberg and Bavaria will be gravitating towards their kinsmen in the North, and the petty Courts will be appealing to Napoleon for aid. There is war latent in these probabilities, and unless the German populations are wise a very dangerous war, one which can only result, if the South wins, in the final division of Germany; if the North, in Prussia regaining after new sacrifices the opportunity about to be thrown away.

It will rest with the German Convention to make the peace a real one. If that body fuses the North in one, and insists that the South shall be allowed to come in at discretion upon the terms formerly offered to the Elbe Duchies, civil independence, but diplomatic and military obedience, the populations will, we believe, gradually coerce their Princes into compliance, and Germany will be made, made beyond possibility of interference from France, or indeed from the rest of Europe combined. No power, however organized, would dare to attack all Germany defending its independence. It would be like an attack on America, a war in which it would be possible to lose,

but absolutely impossible to acquire any advantage worth the cost of the struggle. If the democracy which will be the only strong party in the Convention not at Bismark's disposal will make this and the control of the budget the price of their support, if they raise, in fact, their old cry of constitutional unity, reduced to a hard, practical, working form, it can neither be Count von Bismark's wish nor the interest of the Hohenzollerns to quarrel with a reconciled people for the sake of "moderation" in the eyes of the world. Austria not yet recovered from defeat cannot go to war once more to force the Bavarians, whom the peace has betrayed, into an alliance which, unless it is popular, will be as useless as the alliance of Hesse, and there is no other power in the world with the right or the strength to dictate how Germany shall arrange her internal organization. If, on the other hand, the Convention wastes time in discussing ideas, insists upon settling details better left to the regular Parliament which must follow it, questions the organization of the army, which no doubt will press heavily on the new provinces, or indulges the fierce latent dislike to Count von Bismark, then the King must fall back on the treaties, and the seeds of a new and much greater war—a war in which the foreigner will intervene, and German will once more be ranged against German—will once more have been sown. The "moderation" of King Frederick William is risking more evils than the arrogance which Europe has for so long attributed to his Minister. Whether the cause is a real pity for kings, or a secret fear of fortune, or a righteous disinclination to bring on Prussia the evils of a new war, whether Saxony is guaranteed by a Court friendship, or by the gratitude with which Napoleon has remembered Saxon fidelity to his uncle, the effect is the same. The work is being left half done, and it remains with the German people to show that it can correct the virtues as well as the vices of its kings, that it can grasp a policy as it has grasped an idea, that even in the moment of victory it can make its voice heard above the hurrahs of the soldiery and the *Te Deums* of the priests. The people of Germany must be ambitious because their King is over content.

From the Spectator, 4th August.

#### WHAT GERMANY WILL BECOME.

THE mass of Englishmen, it seems clear, have made up their minds that the triumph of Prussia is an almost unmixed blessing. The old dislike and distrust of Austria, which has been mitigated by the Emperor's proclivities towards free trade, revived when she was found to be powerless, when Vegetia was slipped to Napoleon as the foot-pad slips a watch to his "pal," and when Austrian governors, with incurable meanness of spirit, punished Italian cities for rejoicing at an official Austrian act. The antipathy felt to Prussia disappeared when it was found that her arrogance had a basis, when it was seen that North Germany would supply an irremovable barrier against Russia, when, above all, it was understood that Napoleon had lost through Prussian successors the dictatorship of the Continent. There remain a few Liberals nevertheless, who though they do not doubt that the war has produced much good both to England and Europe, doubt very strongly if its result will not be unfavourable to freedom. It is Bismark, they say, who has devised this policy, and the army which has carried it out, and both Bismark and the army believe in despotic administration. The resistance to personal rule, already languid, must be diminished by its great and most dramatic success, and a conquering army sympathizes always with its leaders more than the people. The annexations having been affected by war and not by moral conquests, the Hohenzollerns have an excuse for maintaining an attitude of armed watchfulness, the flower of the people are in the ranks, and the army, very numerous, very formidable, and very obedient, can and will secure an order in the State not readily to be distinguished from despotism. The King will not be less of a soldier because he has triumphed in the field, and the Minister who against Parliament has done such wonderful things is not likely to believe more in Parliament and less in his own capacity. Unless some unforeseen change occurs, Bismark will have the power to carry on the administration without asking the people's consent, to suppress meetings, to hunt down journalists, to reduce North Germany to the position in which the

French now are, a position which would in Germany more than in France be incompatible with the free development of the national life. France will not solidify under pressure, any more than quicksilver will; Germany may, just as powdered rock would do. An united Germany, directed by a single despotic will towards aggressive ends, would be a most dangerous organization as regards Europe, a distinct descent in the scale of humanity as regards the people themselves.

Those arguments are worth hearing, for they are all *primâ facie* true, and it is with a conscious doubt as to the justice of a conviction we nevertheless entertain that we venture to point out the facts which tell upon the opposite side. In the first place, then, we cannot allow that the unity or partial unity soon to be realized has directly lessened the chances of freedom in Germany. It has increased Count von Bismark's power and that of the Royal House, but it has not increased that of the Junkers, much more dangerous because more permanent enemies of German freedom. Indeed it has diminished their power very perceptibly. The little principalities and Austria were the bulwarks of that bad caste, and while Austria has been turned out of Germany, the little principalities are gone, merged in an empire so great that its very greatness will force its rulers to be impartial among their subjects. A man of six feet seen from a window looks much taller than a man of five feet five, but seen from a pyramid the disparity is entirely imperceptible. Great kings cannot like or believe in aristocracies, at least of the Prussian type, and the Hohenzollern has now become a great King. The army has increased in prestige, but under fire men are equal, and the Vere de Vere who has seen Hodgson as far in front as himself cannot snub Hodgson again. The nation has been in the army, and cannot afford to despise itself. With a dozen new provinces to consolidate, and three more States to attract in which the Courts are hostile, the ruling spirit in Prussia, be it King, or Minister, or Parliamentary leader, will feel that he must rely on the people rather than on a caste, shows already a readiness to appeal to the mass in a style which would be dangerous but that this mass is educated, is urgent to guarantee to the people once for all the ultimate control of the purse. He has reason. Marvellous as Prussian economy is, and that side of her organization has not been half sufficiently studied, great governments are very expensive, — for example, half the existing revenue must be spent on the fleet before Germany can have

a great marine — and if the war has shown anything, it has shown that taxes cannot be profitable if levied by military force. If they are moderate, the soldiers eat all they gather, and if they are immoderate, they excite the resistance they met in Frankfurt. Tax-gatherers cannot bombard their own towns, and, save by bombardment. General Manteuffel did not see his way to get a great contribution out of unwilling Frankforters. The Government even yet has not ventured to levy an illegal tax, and a power of taxation which yields nothing is a power useful only to sell to those who can make it yield. We take it to be most probable, so, probable as to be certain, that one concession made to the people will be a real control of the budget, which control, if conceded, involves the ultimate control of all undertakings and arrangements whatsoever. That the Executive will retain immense power even after that principle is established is true, but a nation which is organized as it desires has a free organization, and we cannot perceive that as yet Germans desire either a weak or an abstinent executive. They desire that it should be kindly, but they also desire to enforce very severe laws, such as the conscription, and to lead that protected or sheltered life which of necessity involves a great deal of official interference. No doubt they also wish that judges should be independent, and officials subject to action for malfeasance, and military officers made liable to civil Courts, and the press released from persecution, but assuming that they possess a free budget, they are not less likely to gain all these things than they were before, but more likely. These ends must be gained by the steady exertion of their single but irresistible prerogative, and in exerting it they will have as good a majority as before, for the Conservatives who will support Count von Bismark's external and military policy no more want to be tyrannized over than the Liberals, who will have the additional support of all the Liberals and most of the Conservatives from the new States, and the immense help of the Court's new *locus standi*. The Government will want to attract the South to itself, and the way to do that is to show that absorption into Prussia involves not annoyance, but relief from annoyances. The Ultramontanes of Bavaria, for example, as they will be in a minority, can be conciliated only by full religious liberty, the Liberals only by the prospect of greater influence over the new Government than they have over the old, greater freedom of speech, and writing, and assembly than Munich can be induced to allow. It will for the future be the interest of the dynasty to leave Prussia



decently free, just as it was the interest of our dynasty to abandon the old claim to reign by divine right.

Again, it is always assumed by those who distrust Count von Bismark that the reigning family really wish to be despots, but that is not quite so clear. They are not foreigners, to begin with, like the Italian Dukes, sure to be dismissed in the end, however popular they may become, are not out of sympathy with the people or certain to misunderstand them. No doubt the King wishes to be much more really the head of the Administration than our Queen is, and would probably resist any demand for ministerial responsibility. But England was free under William III., when the King was his own Prime Minister, and the United States are free, though the Secretaries of State are responsible only to an irremovable President. The King wishes of course for respect, and on that point a severe press law may be passed, German criticism altogether passing the bounds fixed by opinion in England, and wishes to order instead of sanctioning orders, but he has no conceivable motive to be a tyrant. He cannot be, and is not in the least likely to try to be, a Caesar of the Napoleon type, a man arrogating to himself the monopoly of initiative. He has not the capacity, wants a veto on everything, not the right of beginning everything. Then he cannot, even in his own mind, deny that if the right divine is the foundation of thrones his claim to Hanover, and Hesse, and all the duchies, and grand duchies, and principalities which he has annexed must rest on immoral grounds, on the mere right of force, which, as a rebel might claim it, he habitually denies. He has no fear to urge him to repression, for if ever a dynasty was safe from its subjects that of Hohenzollern is safe at this present moment. Universal suffrage and an absolute Parliament would still leave him on the throne, and still the centre of all the bureaux. It will be much more comfortable for him, and conduce much more to his prestige, to come to an arrangement with his Parliament, and govern as he did before the late quarrels, through a Ministry very independent of Parliament, but still administering in the main according to the wish of the nation. His great Minister, on the other hand, who is perhaps fonder of a power which must be temporary, than the Sovereign who knows he has a life lease, perceives clearly the strength to be derived from popular support, has conquered half Germany by that, evidently looks to gain over the remaining half through that. If he can lead in Parliament as well as advise the King, that will

suit him perfectly, and he is just the man to believe that he can combine those functions. It is he, by every German account, who is now advising concessions, in opposition to the military household and the extreme Conservatives. It certainly does not seem impossible under such circumstances to frame a compromise which shall leave the Executive strong and the King its actual head, yet make the nation also free.

And finally, there is the North German people. Why is it assumed that nearly thirty millions of persons belonging to one of the highest races of mankind, all of them educated, all of them accustomed to arms, and all of them full of the Teutonic desire for liberty, should either consent not to be free or be unable to secure their freedom? The war, so far from diminishing, has immensely increased their self-respect, and self-respect does not encourage slavishness. It has immensely increased also the coherence between the people and the army, the citizen in the landwehr having fought side by side with the citizen in the army, and neither therefore being at all willing to fire upon the other. Above all, it has greatly increased the physical power of the civilian class, which will be recruited within three years by some 500,000 soldiers, who having been victorious in the greatest campaign of modern Europe, return within that time to the occupations of civil life. That they can be forced to submit to oppression we do not believe, all attempts to tax them or limit their intellectual freedom having invariably failed, and why should we assume that they will like to be oppressed? That they will be slow to resist is certain, for that is in the national character, and they are just now very contented and proud. That when they resist it will be in a mode Englishmen will not approve, will possibly not understand, is also probable, the black-coats dreading a conflict with themselves in dull blue, and not seeing very well how to work the Parliamentary lever. But that they will, if oppressed, resist, and find sufficient means of resistance, just as they have found means to secure their unity, we have no doubt whatever. The army is very strong and the bureaucracy very numerous, but the army is of the people, and the bureaucracy are Liberals, and where those circumstances exist the people has only to will to be free, Sovereigns knowing that in the last resort a serjeant can be a Liberal as well as any professor. The German nation, if we may believe itself, the evidence of its acts for twenty years, and all analogy, does so will.

From the Spectator.

### SLEEPLESSNESS.

THEOLOGICALS and poets, physiologists and metaphysicians have all endeavoured to write profoundly on the phenomena of sleep, and have all more or less lost themselves in a subject which, whenever studied, takes a fixed hold of the imagination. The existence of a bodily condition which is not death, yet suspends mental life, which is consistent with motion but not with thought, which can continue while half the mind is at work, yet ends if all begins to work together, suggests strange ideas on the oldest of all speculations, the connection between matter and spirit. The materialist has derived some of his best arguments from a state which shows every day that, whether or not the mind be the outcome of physical action within the brain, say of a kind of voltaic pile working in the cells there, the moment that action is suspended mind disappears. The spiritualist has no better proof of the existence of something independent of matter than the occasional but well known occurrence of complete mental operations, such as the solution of a geometrical problem, or the composition of a sonata, or the winning of a game at chess, having been completed while the body lay still in torpor. A grain of a drug extracted from poppy juice will suspend mental power; how, then, can mind be immaterial? The mind will compel the tongue to speak while yet the rest of the body is powerless; how, then, can it be wholly material? The argument on either side is a thin one, the proof whether it is not the agent which is paralyzed instead of the master, remaining in all cases wanting, but it has occupied many minds. So, again, there has been writing for ever on the question whether men always dream, and only occasionally remember dreams, or only occasionally dream and always remember that they have dreamt. If the former is true, as Sir Henry Holland supposed, then something in us is independent of sleep, wants no rest while it lives, a strange fact from every point of view; if the second, what is it that suddenly disconnects the slumber of the body from the slumber of the mind? Can the nerves sleep and the mind act?—and if so, why should a concussion of the spine necessarily produce partial fatuity? Many Asiatics, and, as we have read somewhere, some tribes of Russians, have a ghastly superstition about sleep. They believe that people exist who waking can talk the talk of

sleepers, who can whisper, that is, to sleepers in a tone which compels the mind to act without waking the body, can therefore pour ideas and facts into the brain, say of a king, without his ever knowing the source of his beliefs. That superstition is groundless, and was probably built on the observation that some men are awaked instantly by the human voice and sleep again the moment it ceases, but it is an expression of the truth that the mind can *acquire* while the body sleeps. Then do people ever wake? Sleep is not stranger than the cessation of sleep, and can this ever occur without external influence, light, or sound, or pain? Suppose a man accustomed to sleep in the dark kept carefully away from light, and sound, and new currents of air, would he not sleep on till awoken by the actual pain of hunger? If the will is asleep he ought not to wake himself, and the common experience of mankind suggests the possibility of such oversleeping, but yet it also informs us that if we go to bed strongly willing to wake at a particular and unusual hour we do so wake. Was the will half asleep, dozy, as it were?

Among speculations of this kind a much more vulgar, but also much more useful, one stands some chance of being neglected, has indeed been neglected, rather to the discredit of physiology. Sleep being a physical condition, is it not possible to induce that condition without the use of drugs? A writer in the *Cornhill* this week discusses that question, of course without definite result, but he states in a popular form the most essential datum of the proposal, one much misconceived by the public. It used to be believed that the cause of sleep, or rather the proximate cause, was the turgidity of the blood-vessels of the brain. They pressed on something too hard and the man went to sleep. Alcohol, it was said, made them turgid, visibly flushing the face, and alcohol, it was clear, produced sleep. Unfortunately for the theory physiologists, when they came to examine the matter with their clean minds and sceptical criticism, doubted if the facts corresponded to it, found that it was exactly the reverse of the facts. A woman got her head broken conveniently and was watched, animals' heads were opened remorselessly, and it was ascertained that the probable cause of sleep was low circulation in the arteries of the brain. They got pallid in perfect sleep, and flushed in imperfect or dreamy sleep. "The principal evidence as to the state of the human brain in sleep is derived from the observation of a woman at

Montpellier, a case well known and often quoted. She had lost a portion of the skull-cap, and the brain and its membranes were exposed. 'When she was in deep or sound sleep, the brain lay in the skull almost motionless: when she was dreaming it became elevated, and when her dreams, which she related on waking, were vivid or interesting, the brain was protruded through the cranial aperture.' This condition has also been experimentally brought about and observed in animals, and the same result has been seen, namely, that in sleep the surface of the brain and its membranes became pale, the veins ceased to be distended, and only a few small vessels containing arterial blood were discernable. When the animal was roused, a blush spread over the brain, which rose through the opening of the bone. The surface became bright red; innumerable vessels, unseen before, were now everywhere discernible, and the blood seemed to be coursing through them very rapidly. The veins, like the arteries, were full and distended, but their difference of colour rendered them clearly distinguishable. When the animal was fed and again allowed to sink into repose, the blood-vessels gradually resumed their former dimensions and appearance, and the surface of the brain became pale as before. The contrast between the appearances of the brain during its period of functional activity and during its state of repose or sleep was most remarkable." Anything, then, that emptied the capillaries would help to produce sleep, and a false theory being out of the way, the facts were seen to bear out the new conclusion. Excitement, particularly the excitement of great mental toil or of an active exercise of the imagination, fills the arteries, and is, we all know, fatal to sleep. Let anybody work hard immediately after dinner, a very frequent practice with the literary class, and unless he works for hours, unless, that is, he fairly fatigues himself, or after working gives his brain an hour's rest in chat, or silence, or that reading which is not reading, but the most soothing of all mental occupations, an equivalent with many men for day-dreaming, he will toss for an hour before he sleeps. So he will also if he has become really interested at a theatre, though we admit that possibility is at present so rare as to be almost beyond the range of scientific experiment. His head, he says, "feels hot," or his "temples throb," or his eyes are dull and full of blood. Ice, again, applied to the head has in many cases produced deep and apparently dream-

less sleep, and a spirit like eau-de-cologne rubbed on the head has in a minor degree the same effect. But alcohol? Well, alcohol does not, people's eyes notwithstanding, fill the arteries of the brain. Practical physiologists are inclined to say that on the contrary it empties them, irritating the sympathetic nerves till they contract the large arteries, and the capillaries or little ones get no supply worth mentioning. We do not say — we are quite incompetent to say — that the question is settled, but we are entitled to say that a balance of scientific opinion and a larger balance of circumstantial evidence suggests the belief that the cardinal condition of natural sleep is a reduction of the arterial activity in the brain. There are other conditions dependent originally on the nervous system of which far less is known. Morphia, for example, must act first of all on the nerves, but the main condition is this; and if this be it, then it must be within the range of possibility for science to discover modes of inducing sleep without resort to drugs, none of which act precisely alike upon all constitutions.

People have been trying to discover this secret empirically for ages with wonderful little success, there being perhaps no subject on which the evidence of individual experimenters differs so greatly or is comparatively so useless. Nine-tenths of mankind believe that fatigue yields sleep as a sort of inevitable consequence, and so to most men it does, but there are constitutions in which fatigue involves sleeplessness, to which sleep until they have rested is absolutely impossible. Some men appear to have a control over sleep almost as absolute as they have over their limbs, to be able, so to speak, to compel the faculties to go to bed whenever it is convenient. The present writer can very nearly do that, can, that is, unless under strong mental emotion, rely on going to sleep in five minutes in almost any attitude, at any hour of the day, and under almost any conditions, a sermon being perhaps the one most decidedly favourable. Some men, again, seem to have almost an incapacity of sleep, cannot get it except in a perfect silence quite unattainable in London, or perfect darkness, or at some fixed time, or in some peculiar attitude after a long period of boisterous quiescence. They are "bad sleepers," and sleeplessness is, we suspect, one of the most frequent and most annoying concomitants of civilized life. One man of this kind tries to sleep by repeating the multiplication table, to "fatigue the brain into sleep," says the Cornhill

essayist, but, as we should think, to refresh the brain by giving it work to do which requires no exertion at all. Instinct is almost always true, and the man who tries this trick, instinctively repeats bits, say, of well known poetry, not of poetry which he remembers only by mental effort. A great missionary troubled with sleeplessness used to say that he always repeated the Lord's Prayer till Satan sent him to sleep to get rid of it, and he never found the receipt fail. He rested the brain by a repetition which excluded thought and did not tax the memory, the Lord's Prayer being with most Englishmen, like the multiplication table, one of the very few things recalled without mental effort, or which often survive the decay of memory. This device operates, however, with very few, and a much better one, day-dreaming for five minutes, with still fewer. Some men find relief in washing, and that is sensible enough, the rough trituration of a towel, or still better of the flesh brush, directing an extra supply of blood to the skin, to the great relief of the brain. The air bath, once so strongly believed in, depends on the same principle. All Anglo-Indians assert that a cool head is the great condition of ready sleep, and if this is so, which is almost certain, a water pillow ought to induce it, an experiment, we believe, scarcely tried. The Anglo-Indians use pillows covered with a singularly fine cane, the glaze on which never heats, but the pillow itself should be cool. We suspect that the particularly nasty Western contrivance, the feather or down pillow, which heats the head, and which no amount of clean covers will keep really clean, is one cause at least of sleeplessness. Hindoos, the mass of whom use no pillow at all, but either lie prone or sleep on the arm, seem to command sleep almost at will, repudiate most emphatically the Western idea that a man was meant to sleep seven hours out of the twenty-four. Of all empirical remedies, however, the most certain is food. An idea has become current in England for years, originating, we believe, entirely in a social change as to the hour of meals, that eating is unfavourable to sleep, but the idea, as the *Cornhill* points out, is opposed not only to analogy, but to experience. All animals, all children, all savages, and all races which take no wine sleep immediately after eating. Who does not feel sleepy immediately after lunch, if he is stupid enough to eat a meal invented in order that by eating without enjoyment one may lose a little of one's capacity for work. Half the sleeplessness

of great cities is due to the absurd hours we select for food. A savage eats and sleeps as a dog does; a Hindoo, fortunately for himself, is compelled by his creed to eat just before he sleeps, being prohibited from cooking twice in the same sun; but a civilized man eats, then while digestion ought to be going on does half the work of his life, and then, just as the body becomes wakeful again, settles himself into a bed specially constructed to bring the blood to his head. Of course feeding time will not be altered for the sake of sound sleep, nor fashion yield to hygiene, but it is possible to eat something at bed time, if only a crust, and if men who take wine would take it then, instead of after dinner,—a villainously unsocial suggestion,—they would find half their difficulty disappear. Still even with this fact clear, much more is still required which science alone can afford. It must be possible to reduce the flow of blood to the brain and to still excitable nerves without drugs, and if we could do it the diminution of misery would be enormous. Any system which really increased the average capacity for sleep would benefit nervous disease, increase the habitableness of great cities, and probably diminish perceptibly the average of lunacy. There are physiologists working among us painfully endeavouring to ascertain the laws which connect mind and matter; will not some one of them at once utilize his knowledge and earn an enduring reputation by a successful attack on the great foe of great cities—the habit of sleeplessness?

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From Harper's Weekly.

S. F. B. MORSE, LL.D.

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE was the eldest son of JEDEDIAH MORSE, D.D., who was influential as a clergyman, and celebrated as the father of American geography. He was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 27, 1791. After a liberal education at Yale College, where he graduated in 1810, he went to England with WASHINGTON ALLSTON, to study painting, for which he had developed decided talent, under the joint tuition of ALLSTON and BENJAMIN WEST. Not content with pursuing one branch of art, he added to the study of painting that of sculpture, and in 1813 received the gold medal of the Adel-

phi Society of Arts for an original model of a "Dying Hercules."

After a thorough and successful course as an art-student abroad, Mr. MORSE returned to the United States in 1815, and practiced his profession in New York. There was no national association of artists in this country at that time, and it was not until the year 1824 that, in connection with some other artists of New York, he organized a drawing association, which, after a variety of obstacles and struggles, finally resulted in the establishment in this city, in the year 1826, of the present honored and useful "National Academy of Design." Mr. MORSE was chosen President of the institution, and was re-elected to that office for sixteen years. In 1829 he returned to Europe to prosecute his studies in art more extensively, and resided for more than three years in the principal cities of the Continent. During his absence abroad he was elected to the professorship of the literature of the arts of design in the University of New York; and in the year 1835 he delivered a course of lectures before that institution upon art. But, though devoted to the fine arts, he was also deeply interested in various departments of science, and especially in chemistry. While yet a student in Yale College he had pursued the study of chemistry and natural philosophy with enthusiasm, under the guidance of the late Professor SILLIMAN and Professor DAY, and his love for scientific research and experiment continued to increase after he left college, till it became his controlling pursuit. As early as 1826, he was a colleague lecturer with Professor DANA, at the Athenæum, in New York city; the former lecturing upon the fine arts, while Professor DANA lectured upon electro-magnetism. They became intimate friends, and MORSE pursued the subject of electro-magnetism in conversation and study with his friend. The first electro-magnet ever exhibited in the United States is now in the possession of Professor MORSE, and the spiral coil used by Professor DANA suggested the electro-magnet which is now used in every Morse-telegraph throughout the world.

It was in the autumn of 1832, when Mr. MORSE was returning to America on board the packet-ship *Sully*, that, in a casual conversation with some of the passengers on the then recent discovery in France of the means of obtaining the electric spark from the magnet, showing the identity of electricity and magnetism, he conceived not merely the idea of the electric telegraph but of an electro-magnetic and chemical recording

telegraph, substantially and essentially as it now exists. There is no question as to this origin of the present telegraph. Mr. MORSE's testimony to his acts and drawings made on board of the ship has been confirmed before the courts by the testimony of all the passengers but one, who were with him upon the vessel, and the evidence was regarded as conclusive by the judges.

Though the idea was conceived, and a portion of the drawings and apparatus constructed in 1832, it was not until 1835 that he completed the first telegraphic recording apparatus. This was comparatively rude, and enabled him only to communicate between two points, distant half a mile; and it was not until July, 1837, that, by the construction of a second instrument, he was able to work from both extremities of his line. In that year he had completed two instruments, and could work his telegraph from each end of the line. Early in September of 1837 he exhibited to hundreds the operation of his system at the University of New York. The feasibility and usefulness of the invention having been thus demonstrated, Mr. MORSE applied to Congress in 1838 for aid to construct an experimental line from Washington to Baltimore to demonstrate publicly the utility of the telegraph. Like all great inventions it was received coldly, with scepticism, and even with ridicule; and the session of 1837-'38 closed without any encouragement, except the favorable report of the Congressional Committee.

By no means discouraged, MORSE proceeded to Europe to endeavor to awaken the interest of European Governments in his invention, and secure a patent for it. He was refused letters patent in England, in France he only secured a useless *brevet*, and obtained no exclusive privilege in any other country. Thus repulsed and baffled he returned to America, to struggle again for four years with slender resources and frequent discouragements, but still possessed of a determination to interest his countrymen in the invention. Throughout the session of 1842-'43 MORSE was indefatigable in pressing his invention upon the attention of Congress, and though the last day of the session had waned, and he had retired disheartened and weary, his object was secured by an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars, granted in the expiring hour of the midnight session. He was startled by the news on the morning of March 3, 1843, that Congress had voted this amount for the construction of a telegraph between Washington and Baltimore; and he immediately



commenced the work, which was completed in 1844, and satisfactorily demonstrated to the world the utility and value of the MORSE system of electro-magnetic telegraphs.

In the twenty-two years since its first establishment its lines have gone out through all the earth. They extend upon this continent, in various directions, more than fifty thousand miles. They climb the Rocky Mountains, and stretch across the lonely plains to the Golden Gate of the Pacific. The system is adapted in every country of the eastern continent, from the extreme north of Russia, where the wires are almost ready to be linked within the Arctic circle to those that are sweeping up the Pacific coast to Behring's Straits, down to the Italian and Spanish peninsulas; they dive beneath the seas to Egypt, and find their way over deserts and under oceans to the far East. No part of the civilized world is without the electric girdle, and even across the Atlantic the great cable, now in successful operation, has established telegraphic communication between the eastern and western worlds. And if this should fail, in a very short time the Overland Telegraph will establish a continuous line of communication by land between New York and London *via* St. Petersburg.

The immense value of MORSE's invention to the world may be estimated from the fact that, while the old system of Semaphore telegraphs *cost* the French Government annually more than a million of francs, the MORSE telegraph *added* to the revenue, in three years, more than six millions. Professor MORSE's claim upon the gratitude of civilized nations has been recognized as that of no other inventor who ever lived. Besides reaping at length the substantial rewards of his invention, honors have been showered upon him by national

academies and universities, by scientific associations and sovereign potentates. Yale College conferred upon him the complimentary degree of LL.D. in 1848, and in the same year the Sultan of Turkey decorated him with the diamond badge of *Nis-han Ifichar*. Gold medals of scientific merit were awarded him by the kings of Prussia and Wurtemberg and the Emperor of Austria. In 1856 the Emperor of the French presented him with the cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor; in the following year Denmark made him Knight of the Dannebrog; and in 1858 the Queen of Spain conferred the cross of Knight Commander of the order of Isabella the Catholic. From the King of Portugal he received the badge of knighthood of the order of the Tower and Sword; and from the King of Italy the decoration of Knight of the order of S.S. Maurice and Lazarus. He has been elected member of all the prominent European scientific and art academies; but the most distinguished and unusual honor was the collective testimonial of France, Russia, Sweden, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Sardinia, Tuscany, Turkey, and the Roman Pontiff, amounting to four hundred thousand francs, presented as a personal reward to Mr. MORSE for his useful labors.

Americans, English, and French have united in giving him banquets and ovations, and his services have been fully recognized wherever civilization has made mankind acquainted with his invention. He still lives in the enjoyment of a happy and illustrious lot, esteemed by all his countrymen, and in a green old age derives merited pleasure from the contemplation of the beneficent results of his genius, his struggles, and his persevering industry.

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A BOOKSELLER at the extreme point of South Africa—Mr. J. C. Juta, of Capetown—is advertising what promises to be a very interesting work. The title is—"The Birds of South Africa: a Descriptive Catalogue of all the known Species occurring South of the Twenty-eighth Parallel of Latitude," by Edgar Leopold Layard, Curator of the South African

Museum, Fellow of the Zoological Society and Member of various English and Foreign Societies. The price is to be only 8s. 6d. per copy, and we observe that Mr. Juta is advertising his book in the journals of the United States, Australia, and New Zealand, as well as in those of Europe. He expresses his intention of printing a small number.